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AIRLINES JET-POWERED BY ROLLS ROYCE

Cover Fox and Aparicio ▶

Double plays win pennants, so baseball men say, and the best double-play majors in all baseball today are Nelson Fox and Luis Aparicio of the Chicago White Sox. See page 47.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ Pretty Anne Quast will be defending her amateur golf title, as Joan Flynn Dreyerpool explains how the lady golfers think. Also, a gallery of some of the better women players.

▶ When Antonio Ordóñez was gored last May, he convalesced with his friends, the Ernest Hemingways. The story of this fortnight "at home" is told by Mary Hemingway.

▶ Who and what is Leland Stanford MacPhail? There are a hundred-old answers, and Gerald Holland explores them all in a remarkable word portrait. The first of three parts.

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MEMO from the publisher

THERE IS nobody like MacPhail. There is nobody even remotely like Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail." So next week Gerald Holland begins a three-part article on the prodigious, amazing, and controversial figure who in the scope of his contributions to sport has seldom been equaled and certainly never surpassed.

Although he has never suffered from any dearth of publicity, to put it mildly, the true character and personality of the man have more often than not been obscured by the high dramatics and flamboyance of the events in which he has played his major roles. But this year Holland had a golden opportunity to discover the real MacPhail when he became, at various times, his guest at his Maryland estate; at a race track where Larry verges on being revered; and in Chesapeake Bay on the cruiser which in winter is the MacPhail Florida home.

Holland met 8-year-old Jeanie MacPhail, who demands harmonic guidance on the playing of her \$1.29 flute from her 69-year-old father who plays a theater-sized electric organ in the living room. Holland studied the ashtray which MacPhail kidnapped in lieu of the Kaiser some four decades ago. And he shared with Mrs. MacPhail a quite reasonable apprehension as a fist came down for

emphasis on a glass-topped table.

But that is Holland's story to tell. A fascinating and humorous conversationalist, MacPhail frankly conferred all aspects of his fabulous career.

He spoke unequivocally of fights now all but forgotten and feuds still well remembered.

Of these perhaps the most famous of all was that with Branch Rickey. In that part of his story in which he sheds new light on this stormiest of relationships Holland writes of the "two giants who had done more to change the face of baseball than any other two men or two hundred men ever connected with the game."

Holland came to know well the other giant four years ago when he wrote *Mr. Rickey and the Game* (SL, March 7, '55). After reading the story, Rickey wrote Holland a critical appraisal which concluded:

"I confess that your close adherence to some personal detail was too faithful to the facts to be everlastingly welcome. But, I am as I am, and Jane says you got me."

Jane is Mrs. Rickey.

Whether Holland now presents MacPhail as he is, perhaps only MacPhail himself, or Mrs. MacPhail, can say. But as you will begin to see next week, he is prodigious and amazing (and amusing)—and that is not controversial.



LELAND MACPHAIL

Arthur Murphy

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The Insecure Lion

...who prefers his cage to freedom



A CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER recently carried a story about a lion that escaped from his cage during a carnival.

Men showed their heels. Women screamed and shielded their children.

Now you'd expect an escaped lion to bolt for the tall grass. But this king of beasts had been in captivity so long, he took a quick look at the world and then turned and walked back into his cage.

Obviously, security was more desirable to the lion than freedom.

His behavior demonstrates that to be free you must be independent.

When people over-emphasize security—or dependence—they can't help but lose some of their initiative. You see it in the way people more and more rely on government instead of on themselves.

It would appear that people don't realize that whatever they get from the government must eventually be paid for by them or their children. This type of "security" may be easy to take at first. But it is habit-forming; after a while, people may prefer this false security to freedom.



Then, like the lion, they walk back into their cage.

Absolute security under government is illusory. For the only thing that government can give to the people is that which it first takes from the people.

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NOTE: Kenny Tweeten, the guy on the right, has *never* tasted Today's Wheaties. You can tell.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HARNESS RACING — Lockers *Raccoon* finished its summer season with a week of richly stuffed purses. Producing big shells but top money was the \$113,812 Hullops Test, richest single race for trotters, won by *Blaze Hooover*, driven by Joe O'Brien to a length-and-a-half victory over *Yellowed* Next night *Beck's Assets*, at \$5 to 3, took harness racing's biggest purse, the \$123,112 Empire Race, with a three-quarter-length victory over *Chapman's Heel* in a fast 2:03.2 5-mile pace.

With the closing of Lockers, *Raccoon* harness opened its season with the \$50,000 International Test, won by article-tooled French champion *Jaune*, whose victory was greeted by cheers and the strains of *J. Mouskette* (see page 41).

HORSE RACING — *Assault*, which opened to an overflow crowd of 15,000 in 1993 (when William C. Whitney's *Blackstock* won the first Exeter Handicap) and has seen some of century's finest horses run (including *Kilmerman*, *Man o' War*, *Gallant Fox*, *Count Fleet*, *Native Dancer*, *Bold Ruler*), presented its final program last Saturday to 31,321 before shutting its gates to make way for a housing project. The big race for the closer was the \$113,300 Brooklyn Handicap, an upset won by Chilean-bred

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL — A MEMPHIAN LEAGUE ALL-STAR game took place in 1993. All-Star competition by *Lebanon National League* 5 to 4, at Los Angeles.

BICYCLE RACING — *U.S. OPEN*, *Scraper*, N.J. collected his own 1,000-mile world record, in 1:14.5, at 1st Pan American Road, Chicago.

BOATING — *17-MILE*, *Scout*, 5th of 6, *Scout*, 6th of 6, *Scout*, 7th of 6, *Scout*, 8th of 6, *Scout*, 9th of 6, *Scout*, 10th of 6, *Scout*, 11th of 6, *Scout*, 12th of 6, *Scout*, 13th of 6, *Scout*, 14th of 6, *Scout*, 15th of 6, *Scout*, 16th of 6, *Scout*, 17th of 6, *Scout*, 18th of 6, *Scout*, 19th of 6, *Scout*, 20th of 6, *Scout*, 21st of 6, *Scout*, 22nd of 6, *Scout*, 23rd of 6, *Scout*, 24th of 6, *Scout*, 25th of 6, *Scout*, 26th of 6, *Scout*, 27th of 6, *Scout*, 28th of 6, *Scout*, 29th of 6, *Scout*, 30th of 6, *Scout*, 31st of 6, *Scout*, 32nd of 6, *Scout*, 33rd of 6, *Scout*, 34th of 6, *Scout*, 35th of 6, *Scout*, 36th of 6, *Scout*, 37th of 6, *Scout*, 38th of 6, *Scout*, 39th of 6, *Scout*, 40th of 6, *Scout*, 41st of 6, *Scout*, 42nd of 6, *Scout*, 43rd of 6, *Scout*, 44th of 6, *Scout*, 45th of 6, *Scout*, 46th of 6, *Scout*, 47th of 6, *Scout*, 48th of 6, *Scout*, 49th of 6, *Scout*, 50th of 6, *Scout*, 51st of 6, *Scout*, 52nd of 6, *Scout*, 53rd of 6, 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THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.



BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The San Francisco Giants finally got the big hitting left Manager Hagney had been hoping for ("It just takes one guy to light a fire. It might be anybody. If we could just get one guy hitting"). Willie McCovey, a big first baseman, was called up from the minors and pounded out eight hits in his first 18 at bat. The team's hitting attack perked up and the Giants won four straight. The Milwaukee Braves were back in high gear (10 out of 12) and looked once again like the team that won the last two National League pennants. Burdette and Spahn each won three in a row, and Bob Buhl threw a sparkling three-hit shutout. Henry Aaron baged out five home runs in four games. And best of all, Bobby Avila seems to have solved the old second base riddle. "He's picked up the whole club," said Warren Spahn. "Bobby's the steady influence, the holler guy we've needed." Del Crandall echoed, "That Avila gives us the experience at second we had in Red Schoendienst." The Los Angeles Dodgers stayed right in there with six wins in seven games and for one day were even in first place. Don Drysdale gets better and better as the season moves along. He won his fifth straight complete game. The Chicago Cubs' pitching, which had carried the team up into fourth place, mysteriously collapsed; in five games the staff gave up 53 hits and 33 runs. Since Ernie Banks was the team's only consistent hitter (19 for 22), the Cubs lost all five. The Pittsburgh Pirates' horrendous losing streak reached nine games before it finally ended. The weak hitting of Bob Skinner, Bill Virdon and Bill Mazeroski hurt the team badly. The Cincinnati Reds got fairly good pitching (three complete games), plenty of hitting (42 runs) and Shortstop Roy McMillan luck (he had been out a month

and a half with a broken hand). The team won six out of seven. The St. Louis Cardinals scored only 13 runs in seven games while giving up 43. Strangely enough, they won one of them. And that only because Rookie Bob Gibson, just recalled from the minors, powered his way to an eight-hit, 1-0 shutout. It was his first major league win. Stan Musial, puffing along with a .261 batting average, is going to play more often now. Said Stan, "I've been out of the lineup so much, I've forgotten the strike zone." The Philadelphia Phillies utilized timely home runs by



DAZZLING DEBUT of Willie McCovey (4 for 4; first up) the Giants. Return of Tito Francona (418 BA) reinforced Indians.

slipped slowly toward the second division. The Detroit Tigers settled into a frustrating win-one, lose-one routine. The team just can't seem to win the close ones; last week the Tigers lost their 20th game by one run. Injuries, too, have hurt Detroit. The double-play combination of Bridges and Bolling was out of action all last week and then Harvey Kuenn, the league's leading batter, was sidelined. The New York Yankees lost three out of five, fell 12 games behind, and just about ruined any chance they might have had to come back. The pitching was good, which was news, but the big hit never came. The Boston Red Sox threw in the towel and started to build for next year. Young Jim Mahoney was called up from the minors to replace Shortstop Don Buddin. Pumpsie Green took over at second and Pete Runnels was shifted to first. Said Owner Tom Yawkey, who called the shots, "We'll bring them up and we'll throw them out. If the players we have aren't doing the job, we'll get rid of them. We'll give everybody an opportunity. It's up to them to make good." The Washington Senators, their days of glory over, lost 16 games in a row and fell with a thud into last place. Manager Lavagetto jugged his lineup daily and used every pitcher on the staff. Nothing worked. Owner Cal Griffith rushed west to join the team and reported: "I am not the least bit panicked by our slump. I'm satisfied that the team has been hustling and doing the best it can. This club has too much talent. We'll bounce back."

Standings: SF 16-5, LA 10-6, NY 9-7, CH 10-5, PH 10-5, P 10-5, B 10-5, W 10-5, C 10-5, S 10-5, D 10-5, M 10-5, A 10-5, H 10-5, K 10-5, T 10-5, L 10-5, U 10-5, V 10-5, F 10-5, G 10-5, J 10-5, Q 10-5, X 10-5, Y 10-5, Z 10-5, AA 10-5, AB 10-5, AC 10-5, AD 10-5, AE 10-5, AF 10-5, AG 10-5, AH 10-5, AI 10-5, AJ 10-5, AK 10-5, AL 10-5, AM 10-5, AN 10-5, AO 10-5, AP 10-5, AQ 10-5, AR 10-5, AS 10-5, AT 10-5, AU 10-5, AV 10-5, AW 10-5, AX 10-5, AY 10-5, AZ 10-5, BA 10-5, BB 10-5, BC 10-5, BD 10-5, BE 10-5, BF 10-5, BG 10-5, BH 10-5, BI 10-5, BJ 10-5, BK 10-5, BL 10-5, BM 10-5, BN 10-5, BO 10-5, BP 10-5, BQ 10-5, BR 10-5, BS 10-5, BT 10-5, BU 10-5, BV 10-5, BW 10-5, BX 10-5, BY 10-5, BZ 10-5, CA 10-5, CB 10-5, CC 10-5, CD 10-5, CE 10-5, CF 10-5, CG 10-5, CH 10-5, CI 10-5, CJ 10-5, CK 10-5, CL 10-5, CM 10-5, CN 10-5, CO 10-5, CP 10-5, CQ 10-5, CR 10-5, CS 10-5, CT 10-5, CU 10-5, CV 10-5, CW 10-5, CX 10-5, CY 10-5, CZ 10-5, DA 10-5, DB 10-5, DC 10-5, DD 10-5, DE 10-5, DF 10-5, DG 10-5, DH 10-5, DI 10-5, DJ 10-5, DK 10-5, DL 10-5, DM 10-5, DN 10-5, DO 10-5, DP 10-5, DQ 10-5, DR 10-5, DS 10-5, DT 10-5, DU 10-5, DV 10-5, DW 10-5, DX 10-5, DY 10-5, DZ 10-5, EA 10-5, EB 10-5, EC 10-5, ED 10-5, EE 10-5, EF 10-5, EG 10-5, EH 10-5, EI 10-5, EJ 10-5, EK 10-5, EL 10-5, EM 10-5, EN 10-5, EO 10-5, EP 10-5, EQ 10-5, ER 10-5, ES 10-5, ET 10-5, EU 10-5, EV 10-5, EW 10-5, EX 10-5, EY 10-5, EZ 10-5, FA 10-5, FB 10-5, FC 10-5, FD 10-5, FE 10-5, FF 10-5, FG 10-5, FH 10-5, FI 10-5, FJ 10-5, FK 10-5, FL 10-5, FM 10-5, FN 10-5, FO 10-5, FP 10-5, FQ 10-5, FR 10-5, FS 10-5, FT 10-5, FU 10-5, FV 10-5, FW 10-5, FX 10-5, FY 10-5, FZ 10-5, GA 10-5, GB 10-5, GC 10-5, GD 10-5, GE 10-5, GF 10-5, GG 10-5, GH 10-5, GI 10-5, GJ 10-5, GK 10-5, GL 10-5, GM 10-5, GN 10-5, GO 10-5, GP 10-5, GQ 10-5, GR 10-5, GS 10-5, GT 10-5, GU 10-5, GV 10-5, GW 10-5, GX 10-5, GY 10-5, GZ 10-5, HA 10-5, HB 10-5, HC 10-5, HD 10-5, HE 10-5, HF 10-5, HG 10-5, HH 10-5, HI 10-5, HJ 10-5, HK 10-5, HL 10-5, HM 10-5, HN 10-5, HO 10-5, HP 10-5, HQ 10-5, HR 10-5, HS 10-5, HT 10-5, HU 10-5, HV 10-5, HW 10-5, HX 10-5, HY 10-5, HZ 10-5, IA 10-5, IB 10-5, IC 10-5, ID 10-5, IE 10-5, IF 10-5, IG 10-5, IH 10-5, II 10-5, IJ 10-5, IK 10-5, IL 10-5, IM 10-5, IN 10-5, IO 10-5, IP 10-5, IQ 10-5, IR 10-5, IS 10-5, IT 10-5, IU 10-5, IV 10-5, IW 10-5, IX 10-5, IY 10-5, IZ 10-5, JA 10-5, JB 10-5, JC 10-5, JD 10-5, JE 10-5, JF 10-5, JG 10-5, JH 10-5, JI 10-5, JJ 10-5, JK 10-5, JL 10-5, JM 10-5, JN 10-5, JO 10-5, JP 10-5, JQ 10-5, JR 10-5, JS 10-5, JT 10-5, JU 10-5, JV 10-5, JW 10-5, JX 10-5, JY 10-5, JZ 10-5, KA 10-5, KB 10-5, KC 10-5, KD 10-5, KE 10-5, KF 10-5, KG 10-5, KH 10-5, KI 10-5, KJ 10-5, KK 10-5, KL 10-5, KM 10-5, KN 10-5, KO 10-5, KP 10-5, KQ 10-5, KR 10-5, KS 10-5, KT 10-5, KU 10-5, KV 10-5, KW 10-5, KX 10-5, KY 10-5, KZ 10-5, LA 10-5, LB 10-5, LC 10-5, LD 10-5, LE 10-5, LF 10-5, LG 10-5, LH 10-5, LI 10-5, LJ 10-5, LK 10-5, LL 10-5, LM 10-5, LN 10-5, LO 10-5, LP 10-5, LQ 10-5, LR 10-5, LS 10-5, LT 10-5, LU 10-5, LV 10-5, LW 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10-5, UN 10-5, UO 10-5, UP 10-5, UQ 10-5, UR 10-5, US 10-5, UT 10-5, UU 10-5, UV 10-5, UW 10-5, UX 10-5, UY 10-5, UZ 10-5, VA 10-5, VB 10-5, VC 10-5, VD 10-5, VE 10-5, VF 10-5, VG 10-5, VH 10-5, VI 10-5, VJ 10-5, VK 10-5, VL 10-5, VM 10-5, VN 10-5, VO 10-5, VP 10-5, VQ 10-5, VR 10-5, VS 10-5, VT 10-5, VU 10-5, VV 10-5, VW 10-5, VX 10-5, VY 10-5, VZ 10-5, WA 10-5, WB 10-5, WC 10-5, WD 10-5, WE 10-5, WF 10-5, WG 10-5, WH 10-5, WI 10-5, WJ 10-5, WK 10-5, WL 10-5, WM 10-5, WN 10-5, WO 10-5, WP 10-5, WQ 10-5, WR 10-5, WS 10-5, WT 10-5, WU 10-5, WV 10-5, WW 10-5, WX 10-5, WY 10-5, WZ 10-5, XA 10-5, XB 10-5, XC 10-5, XD 10-5, XE 10-5, XF 10-5, XG 10-5, XH 10-5, XI 10-5, XJ 10-5, XK 10-5, XL 10-5, XM 10-5, XN 10-5, XO 10-5, XP 10-5, XQ 10-5, XR 10-5, XS 10-5, XT 10-5, XU 10-5, XV 10-5, XW 10-5, XX 10-5, XY 10-5, XZ 10-5, YA 10-5, YB 10-5, YC 10-5, YD 10-5, YE 10-5, YF 10-5, YG 10-5, YH 10-5, YI 10-5, YJ 10-5, YK 10-5, YL 10-5, YM 10-5, YN 10-5, YO 10-5, YP 10-5, YQ 10-5, YR 10-5, YS 10-5, YT 10-5, YU 10-5, YV 10-5, YW 10-5, YX 10-5, YY 10-5, YZ 10-5, ZA 10-5, ZB 10-5, ZC 10-5, ZD 10-5, ZE 10-5, ZF 10-5, ZG 10-5, ZH 10-5, ZI 10-5, ZJ 10-5, ZK 10-5, ZL 10-5, ZM 10-5, ZN 10-5, ZO 10-5, ZP 10-5, ZQ 10-5, ZR 10-5, ZS 10-5, ZT 10-5, ZU 10-5, ZV 10-5, ZW 10-5, ZX 10-5, ZY 10-5, ZZ 10-5.

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Kansas City (20)	36	47	122
St. Louis (18)	48	31	119
Pittsburgh (18)	41	37	118
Philadelphia (17)	41	36	117
Chicago (17)	42	47	120
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Los Angeles (17)	75	43	148
Boston (17)	65	72	137
San Francisco (16)	75	57	132
San Diego (16)	74	48	122
San Francisco (16)	74	48	122

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

Gene Freese to win two low-run games from the Giants. Quipped Freese, "I'm trying to make the Ed Sullivan Show."

Standings: SF 16-5, LA 10-6, NY 9-7, CH 10-5, PH 10-5, P 10-5, B 10-5, W 10-5, C 10-5, S 10-5, D 10-5, M 10-5, A 10-5, H 10-5, K 10-5, T 10-5, L 10-5, U 10-5, V 10-5, F 10-5, G 10-5, J 10-5, Q 10-5, X 10-5, Y 10-5, Z 10-5, AA 10-5, AB 10-5, AC 10-5, AD 10-5, AE 10-5, AF 10-5, AG 10-5, AH 10-5, AI 10-5, AJ 10-5, AK 10-5, AL 10-5, AM 10-5, AN 10-5, AO 10-5, AP 10-5, AQ 10-5, AR 10-5, AS 10-5, AT 10-5, AU 10-5, AV 10-5, AW 10-5, AX 10-5, AY 10-5, AZ 10-5, BA 10-5, BB 10-5, BC 10-5, BD 10-5, BE 10-5, BF 10-5, BG 10-5, BH 10-5, BI 10-5, BJ 10-5, BK 10-5, BL 10-5, BM 10-5, BN 10-5, BO 10-5, BP 10-5, BQ 10-5, BR 10-5, BS 10-5, BT 10-5, BU 10-5, BV 10-5, BW 10-5, BX 10-5, BY 10-5, BZ 10-5, CA 10-5, CB 10-5, CC 10-5, CD 10-5, CE 10-5, CF 10-5, CG 10-5, CH 10-5, CI 10-5, CJ 10-5, CK 10-5, CL 10-5, CM 10-5, CN 10-5, CO 10-5, CP 10-5, CQ 10-5, CR 10-5, CS 10-5, CT 10-5, CU 10-5, CV 10-5, CW 10-5, CX 10-5, CY 10-5, CZ 10-5, DA 10-5, DB 10-5, DC 10-5, DD 10-5, DE 10-5, DF 10-5, DG 10-5, DH 10-5, DI 10-5, DJ 10-5, DK 10-5, DL 10-5, DM 10-5, DN 10-5, DO 10-5, DP 10-5, DQ 10-5, DR 10-5, DS 10-5, DT 10-5, DU 10-5, DV 10-5, DW 10-5, DX 10-5, DY 10-5, DZ 10-5, EA 10-5, EB 10-5, EC 10-5, ED 10-5, EE 10-5, EF 10-5, EG 10-5, EH 10-5, EI 10-5, EJ 10-5, EK 10-5, EL 10-5, EM 10-5, EN 10-5, EO 10-5, EP 10-5, EQ 10-5, ER 10-5, ES 10-5, ET 10-5, EU 10-5, EV 10-5, EW 10-5, EX 10-5, EY 10-5, EZ 10-5, FA 10-5, FB 10-5, FC 10-5, FD 10-5, FE 10-5, FF 10-5, FG 10-5, FH 10-5, FI 10-5, FJ 10-5, FK 10-5, FL 10-5, FM 10-5, FN 10-5, FO 10-5, FP 10-5, FQ 10-5, FR 10-5, FS 10-5, FT 10-5, FU 10-5, FV 10-5, FW 10-5, FX 10-5, FY 10-5, FZ 10-5, GA 10-5, GB 10-5, GC 10-5, GD 10-5, GE 10-5, GF 10-5, GG 10-5, GH 10-5, GI 10-5, GJ 10-5, GK 10-5, GL 10-5, GM 10-5, GN 10-5, GO 10-5, GP 10-5, GQ 10-5, GR 10-5, GS 10-5, GT 10-5, GU 10-5, GV 10-5, GW 10-5, GX 10-5, GY 10-5, GZ 10-5, HA 10-5, HB 10-5, HC 10-5, HD 10-5, HE 10-5, HF 10-5, HG 10-5, HH 10-5, HI 10-5, HJ 10-5, HK 10-5, HL 10-5, HM 10-5, HN 10-5, HO 10-5, HP 10-5, HQ 10-5, HR 10-5, HS 10-5, HT 10-5, HU 10-5, HV 10-5, HW 10-5, HX 10-5, HY 10-5, HZ 10-5, IA 10-5, IB 10-5, IC 10-5, ID 10-5, IE 10-5, IF 10-5, IG 10-5, IH 10-5, IJ 10-5, IK 10-5, IL 10-5, IM 10-5, IN 10-5, IO 10-5, IP 10-5, IQ 10-5, IR 10-5, IS 10-5, IT 10-5, IU 10-5, IV 10-5, IW 10-5, IX 10-5, IY 10-5, IZ 10-5, JA 10-5, JB 10-5, JC 10-5, JD 10-5, JE 10-5, JF 10-5, JG 10-5, JH 10-5, JI 10-5, JJ 10-5, JK 10-5, JL 10-5, JM 10-5, JN 10-5, JO 10-5, JP 10-5, JQ 10-5, JR 10-5, JS 10-5, JT 10-5, JU 10-5, JV 10-5, JW 10-5, JX 10-5, JY 10-5, JZ 10-5, KA 10-5, KB 10-5, KC 10-5, KD 10-5, KE 10-5, KF 10-5, KG 10-5, KH 10-5, KI 10-5, KJ 10-5, KL 10-5, KM 10-5, KN 10-5, KO 10-5, KP 10-5, KQ 10-5, KR 10-5, KS 10-5, KT 10-5, KU 10-5, KV 10-5, KW 10-5, KX 10-5, KY 10-5, KZ 10-5, LA 10-5, LB 10-5, LC 10-5, LD 10-5, LE 10-5, LF 10-5, LG 10-5, LH 10-5, LI 10-5, LJ 10-5, LK 10-5, LL 10-5, LM 10-5, LN 10-5, LO 10-5, LP 10-5, LQ 10-5, LR 10-5, LS 10-5, LT 10-5, LU 10-5, LV 10-5, LW 10-5, LX 10-5, LY 10-5, LZ 10-5, MA 10-5, MB 10-5, MC 10-5, MD 10-5, ME 10-5, MF 10-5, MG 10-5, MH 10-5, MI 10-5, MJ 10-5, MK 10-5, ML 10-5, MN 10-5, MO 10-5, MP 10-5, MQ 10-5, MR 10-5, MS 10-5, MT 10-5, MU 10-5, MV 10-5, MW 10-5, MX 10-5, MY 10-5, MZ 10-5, NA 10-5, NB 10-5, NC 10-5, ND 10-5, NE 10-5, NF 10-5, NG 10-5, NH 10-5, NI 10-5, NJ 10-5, NK 10-5, NL 10-5, NM 10-5, NO 10-5, NP 10-5, NQ 10-5, NR 10-5, NS 10-5, NT 10-5, NU 10-5, NV 10-5, NW 10-5, NX 10-5, NY 10-5, NZ 10-5, OA 10-5, OB 10-5, OC 10-5, OD 10-5, OE 10-5, OF 10-5, OG 10-5, OH 10-5, OI 10-5, OJ 10-5, OK 10-5, OL 10-5, OM 10-5, ON 10-5, OO 10-5, OP 10-5, OQ 10-5, OR 10-5, OS 10-5, OT 10-5, OU 10-5, OV 10-5, OW 10-5, OX 10-5, OY 10-5, OZ 10-5, PA 10-5, PB 10-5, PC 10-5, PD 10-5, PE 10-5, PF 10-5, PG 10-5, PH 10-5, PI 10-5, PJ 10-5, PK 10-5, PL 10-5, PM 10-5, PN 10-5, PO 10-5, PP 10-5, PQ 10-5, PR 10-5, PS 10-5, PT 10-5, PU 10-5, PV 10-5, PW 10-5, PX 10-5, PY 10-5, PZ 10-5, QA 10-5, QB 10-5, QC 10-5, QD 10-5, QE 10-5, QF 10-5, QG 10-5, QH 10-5, QI 10-5, QJ 10-5, QK 10-5, QL 10-5, QM 10-5, QN 10-5, QO 10-5, QP 10-5, QR 10-5, QS 10-5, QT 10-5, QU 10-5, QV 10-5, QW 10-5, QX 10-5, QY 10-5, QZ 10-5, RA 10-5, RB 10-5, RC 10-5, RD 10-5, RE 10-5, RF 10-5, RG 10-5, RH 10-5, RI 10-5, RJ 10-5, RK 10-5, RL 10-5, RM 10-5, RN 10-5, RO 10-5, RP 10-5, RQ 10-5, RR 10-5, RS 10-5, RT 10-5, RU 10-5, RV 10-5, RW 10-5, RX 10-5, RY 10-5, RZ 10-5, SA 10-5, SB 10-5, SC 10-5, SD 10-5, SE 10-5, SF 10-5, SG 10-5, SH 10-5, SI 10-5, SJ 10-5, SK 10-5, SL 10-5, SM 10-5, SN 10-5, SO 10-5, SP 10-5, SQ 10-5, SR 10-5, SS 10-5, ST 10-5, SU 10-5, SV 10-5, SW 10-5, SX 10-5, SY 10-5, SZ 10-5, TA 10-5, TB 10-5, TC 10-5, TD 10-5, TE 10-5, TF 10-5, TG 10-5, TH 10-5, TI 10-5, TJ 10-5, TK 10-5, TL 10-5, TM 10-5, TN 10-5, TO 10-5, TP 10-5, TQ 10-5, TR 10-5, TS 10-5, TU 10-5, TV 10-5, TW 10-5, TX 10-5, TY 10-5, TZ 10-5, UA 10-5, UB 10-5, UC 10-5, UD 10-5, UE 10-5, UF 10-5, UG 10-5, UH 10-5, UI 10-5, UJ 10-5, UK 10-5, UL 10-5, UM 10-5, UN 10-5, UO 10-5, UP 10-5, UQ 10-5, UR 10-5, US 10-5, UT 10-5, UU 10-5, UV 10-5, UW 10-5, UX 10-5, UY 10-5, UZ 10-5, VA 10-5, VB 10-5, VC 10-5, VD 10-5, VE 10-5, VF 10-5, VG 10-5, VH 10-5, VI 10-5, VJ 10-5, VK 10-5, VL 10-5, VM 10-5, VN 10-5, VO 10-5, VP 10-5, VQ 10-5, VR 10-5, VS 10-5, VT 10-5, VU 10-5, VV 10-5, VW 10-5, VX 10-5, VY 10-5, VZ 10-5, WA 10-5, WB 10-5, WC 10-5, WD 10-5, WE 10-5, WF 10-5, WG 10-5, WH 10-5, WI 10-5, WJ 10-5, WK 10-5, WL 10-5, WM 10-5, WN 10-5, WO 10-5, WP 10-5, WQ 10-5, WR 10-5, WS 10-5, WT 10-5, WU 10-5, WV 10-5, WW 10-5, WX 10-5, WY 10-5, WZ 10-5, XA 10-5, XB 10-5, XC 10-5, XD 10-5, XE 10-5, XF 10-5, XG 10-5, XH 10-5, XI 10-5, XJ 10-5, XK 10-5, XL 10-5, XM 10-5, XN 10-5, XO 10-5, XP 10-5, XQ 10-5, XR 10-5, XS 10-5, XT 10-5, XU 10-5, XV 10-5, XW 10-5, XX 10-5, XY 10-5, XZ 10-5, YA 10-5, YB 10-5, YC 10-5, YD 10-5, YE 10-5, YF 10-5, YG 10-5, YH 10-5, YI 10-5, YJ 10-5, YK 10-5, YL 10-5, YM 10-5, YN 10-5, YO 10-5, YP 10-5, YQ 10-5, YR 10-5, YS 10-5, YT 10-5, YU 10-5, YV 10-5, YW 10-5, YX 10-5, YY 10-5, YZ 10-5, ZA 10-5, ZB 10-5, ZC 10-5, ZD 10-5, ZE 10-5, ZF 10-5, ZG 10-5, ZH 10-5, ZI 10-5, ZJ 10-5, ZK 10-5, ZL 10-5, ZM 10-5, ZN 10-5, ZO 10-5, ZP 10-5, ZQ 10-5, ZR 10-5, ZS 10-5, ZT 10-5, ZU 10-5, ZV 10-5, ZW 10-5, ZX 10-5, ZY 10-5, ZZ 10-5.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox' extraordinary blend of strong pitching and tight defense (see page 47) continued to pay off and the Sox won six in a row and 11 out of 12. Six of the 11 wins were complete games, seven were won by one run. The Cleveland Indians slowed the pace down—they lost five out of nine games—as injuries bobbled the team. Shortstop Woody Held was out with a bad knee, and Herb Score had to be dropped from the starting rotation when he developed arm trouble. The Kansas City Athletics' incredible winning streak reached 11 games (longest in the league in five years) before the Yankees spoiled the fun. When the streak started, the A's were in the cellar. When it ended, they were in third place. One of the big factors in the Athletics' resurgence was the hitting and fielding of Russ Snyder, a 25-year-old castoff from the Yankee chain. Inserted in left field when Bob Cerv was injured, the speedy Snyder made himself a regular by batting .414. The Baltimore Orioles hung on a long time with good pitching and little else. When the pitching finally let down the last two weeks, the Orioles

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



Charles Blood—Illustrator—Carmel, Calif.—married model for his first magazine cover—father of two boys—currently awaiting third child—has hopefully ordered Robt. Burns Panatelas imprinted with "It's a Girl!"



Two-year-old boxer rounds out family—"the boys named him 'Boxer,' darn clever kids"—keeps in shape taking "Boxer" on long walks down beach—always ends up puffing a flavor-rich Robt. Burns Panatela.

Patches for neighborhood softball team, the "Rockets"—recently tossed 2-hit shutout against league champions—teammates chipped in to buy him 16 Robt. Burns Panatelas, one for every strike out.



Loves old cars—owns 1929 Marmion—says, "they don't build cars that way any more; they build 'em better!"—same goes for new Robt. Burns Panatelas with lighter wrapper, even milder than before.

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢—Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

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COMING EVENTS

August 7 to August 13
All times on E.D.T.

★ Color television • Television • Network Radio

Friday, August 7

- AUTO RACING**
USCA Nat'l rally, Los Angeles through Aug. 8.
- BASEBALL**
Pittsburgh at Chicago, 2:50 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
Ortega vs. Scott, welter, 10 rds., Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- HORSE RACING**
The Test, \$25,000, Saratoga, N.Y.
- SWIMMING**
Pan American team tryouts, Elan Lansing, Mich. (also Aug. 8, 10 and 11).
- TENNIS**
Don-Case Davis Cup vs. Philadelphia through Aug. 9.
- WATER POLO**
Pan American team tryouts, Chicago through Aug. 9.

Saturday, August 8

- AUTO RACING**
USTA Nat'l race, Montgomery, N.Y., (also Aug. 9).
- BASEBALL**
Detroit at Boston 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
Kansas City at New York (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio).
- BOATING** (rowing)
Nat'l championship and Pan American tryouts, Elmsford (also Aug. 9).
- GYMNASTICS**
Pan American team tryouts (men), West Point, N.Y. (also Aug. 9).
- HORSE RACING**
Equine Mile, \$50,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.
- BASEBALL**
The Dodgers, \$100,000, Monmouth Park, N.J. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
The Yankees, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).
- GYMNASTICS**
Anniversary Meet, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

Sunday, August 9

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR Sweepstakes division, \$15,350, Nashville.
- BASEBALL**
Detroit at Boston, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
Chicago at Washington, 3:35 p.m. (CBS).
- BASEBALL**
Cleveland at Baltimore, 5 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOATING**
Gold Cup, finished hydro, Seattle.
- SWIMMING**
Pan American short tryouts, Lynnhaven, Va. (also Aug. 10).
- TRACK & FIELD**
U.S. All-around champs., Baltimore.

Monday, August 10

- GOLF**
Woods Amateur, Portland (through Aug. 16).
- HORSE RACING**
The Sackford, \$25,000, Saratoga, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
Margate Handicap, \$20,000, Atlantic City, N.J. (closing).
- HORSE RACING**
Royal Hunt, \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- TENNIS**
Newport Invitational (men), Newport, R.I. (through Aug. 16).

Tuesday, August 11

- BASEBALL**
New York at Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).
- DIVING**
Int'l. Scuba Diver tournament, Grand Isle, La.

Wednesday, August 12

- BASEBALL**
Chicago at Detroit, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
Dunlop vs. Moore, light-heavy title bout, 15 rds., Montreal, 10 p.m. (ABC).
- SWIMMING**
U.S. Atlantic Team tournament, Point Judith, R.I. (through Aug. 14).
- SWIMMING**
U.S. long distance champs., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Thursday, August 13

- BASEBALL**
Chicago at Detroit, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
Redscharer vs. Thompson, heavy, 10 rds., Columbus, Ga.

*See local listing



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NERVES FRAZZLED BY MONTHS OF INTRIGUE, PROMOTER ROSENDOHN SINKS HIS HEAD TO DESK AS HE PRESIDES OVER HIS

'PLOTS SCHEMES SABOTAGE'

by BILL ROSENDOHN

© 1959 by Time Inc.

The author of this article is the Bill Rosensohn who, without previous experience but brimful of imagination and daring, promoted ex-Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson's last two fights and, with the emergence of Ingemar Johansson as the new champion, seemed in a position to join the great promoters of boxing history.

He reveals here that that position had been undermined even before the Johansson-Patterson fight, when he signed over control of his promoting corporation to persons allied with Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager. The implications of his story will rock boxing and may jeopardize Patterson's one chance to regain his title.

Recently, Rosensohn flew to Sweden to complete arrangements for the projected return bout. With him was Gilbert Rogin of Sports Illustrated. Harassed by his associate to a point of near-despair, Rosensohn decided, on the night before he returned to New York last week, to give Rogin this intimate, sordid and intricate statement—an indictment of his enemies and an admission of his own compromises which in retrospect seem to have been quite as needless as they were disastrous.



LAST MEETING AS PRESIDENT OF ROSENZON ENTERPRISES, THE COMPANY HE FOUNDED

Photograph by Herb Scherfman

WHAT price can a man pay to achieve an objective?

In the last fight many pitfalls and problems were made public four weeks before the fight because I felt that was the best way to get the fight on. Subsequently there were certain things the public became aware of—the Eddie Machen lawsuits, the rotten weather—and the public was sympathetic to my unenviable position. But the public did not know all the hardships I had to endure. It was not my intention then or up to a week ago to disclose them. Circumstances and events in the last fortnight now make me want to tell all.

The first thing I want to talk about is the television. Last March it was necessary for me to sign a waiver of my rights as a promoter for radio, TV and motion pictures. If I had not I would not have gotten a contract with Patterson's signature on it for the fight. The original contract that was signed in January was never delivered to me by Cus D'Amato's lawyer. At that time I was trying desperately to go through with the fight. Since

the revised terms affected only me and since my prime interest was the fight, I agreed to suffer the loss of TV and radio and put on the fight. I agreed unhappily, unwillingly to these terms.

D'Amato has since said that they were the same TV terms as for the Roy Harris fight, and that was what I was entitled to. But the Harris terms were in no way negotiated by me, but by Al Weill, the original promoter of that fight, and Cus. I wasn't happy then, and it would seem somewhat silly that a guy who has spent five years in the closed-circuit television business and who had put on the most successful theater-TV fight (Robinson-Basilio, \$1,400,000) and therefore knew the great potential, should give up these valuable rights.

In June, two weeks before the fight, when official contracts were signed at the New York State Athletic Commission, Edwin Schweig, D'Amato's lawyer, presented me with another contract, this time calling for the waiving of my rights

continued



ROSENZOHN



ROGIN

to share in the radio, TV and movie rights in any fight in which Patterson might participate in the future, including the Johansson rematch, if there was to be one.

This I refused to sign. Subsequent persistent pressure and an accumulation of bad news (the slow ticket sales, Ingemar's bad showing in training) made me capitulate. Finally, on June 18, I gave in and signed the paper, and the contract is presently dated June 18, a week before the fight, in my own handwriting to show the date I agreed. I did it only to insure, again, D'Amato's and Patterson's participation in the fight. If I had not signed it, there would have been no fight.

The only thing that mattered was not future Patterson fights, for I had decided there would be no promotions connected with Patterson except the rematch. That was the bridge I felt I would have to cross when the time came, the perilous crossing now before me.

The second thing is that in New York it is necessary for a promoter to get a license through a promoting corporation, so I formed Rosenzohn Enterprises, Inc. At the time of its formation I owned all the stock.

My lawyer for the corporation, Justin M. Goldenbock, was the only other officer. The contracts with the fighters were assigned to my promoting corporation, which then obtained a license from the state.

At this point all was smooth. However, lurking in the background were two characters who had been promised a part of the profits of the promotion. One was Charley Black, a close and intimate friend and associate of D'Amato, who was originally promised participation because of my desire to curry favor with Cus. D'Amato had pointed out that his previous promoter, Emil Lence, had always taken care of Charley. At the time of the Harris fight Cus said that Charley would have to participate in the profits of all of Patterson's fights. It was important to get D'Amato's blessing. This guy Black was an insurance policy. Charley Black was supposed to receive 50% of the profits from the Harris fight promotion.

I felt now that since Charley's participation would be one of profit sharing rather than a straight pay-out of a weekly stipend as with Emil Lence, that the damage to me as a pro-



SCHEMING FOR CONTROL, CUS D'AMATO PLAYS SOME DANGEROUS CARDS

moter would only be a smaller profit.

Charley Black had a friend, a lawyer whose name was Vincent J. Velella. Velella indicated that he could make available unlimited backing to any of the promotions. His price? Naturally, a piece. Its size? He wanted to be equal partners with his friend Charley and Promoter Bill. At the time I saw nothing wrong with the arrangement because the people were interested in profit sharing, not in management, direction or control of the promotion.

UNHAPPY SECURITY

I felt that my position was secure because of the very natures of my partners. How could Charley Black, for example, come out and say that he wanted to run or have a voice in the direction of Cus D'Amato's fighter? How could Charley's friend, who wanted to remain in the background, cast aside the cloak of anonymity to make his voice heard? I felt this arrangement would at no time give me any trouble. And yet I was not happy or proud of this somewhat underhanded scheme to pay off my so-called partners.

But then my partners, with Velella supplying legal counsel, formed a corporation called All-Star Sports, Inc. I refused to assign the contracts to this corporation. I had, from the outset, agreed to share the profits, but I had not visualized a formalized corporate setup.

It was against this background of dissatisfaction on my part that I received an offer from the William Zeckendorf's to come in as my full partners in this and future promotions. They offered financial backing and the substance which comes from people operating in the legitimate world of business. I was delighted and agreed to a plan whereby they would have half the profits from the promotion for putting up all the money. The Zeckendorf's were, by the way, aware that two-thirds of my profits were commuted.

When I told Black and Velella of this arrangement they were unhappy, but since they were getting a gift in any case, all that happened was that they were getting a smaller gift, one-sixth each, but no longer had to put up any money. They were unhappy, but Cus was furious. At the time I

didn't quite understand the reasons for his violent objections to the Zeckendorf arrangement.

D'Amato's reaction was so strong it can best be summarized by saying he wanted no more to do with me as a promoter. It was at this time that he turned to another promoter, a successor to me, one Cecil Rhodes. Had this Mr. Rhodes turned out to be anything short of what he was, I'm positive that my days and relationship with D'Amato would then have been terminated except for my contract covering the Patterson-Johansson fight. Rhodes was not a promoter of any kind except of money, other people's, and the talked-about, laughed-about match between Brian London and Floyd was odds-on never to take place. First it had been scheduled for one city and then another, first one date and then another, first one promoter and then trouble.

Two weeks before the proposed bout, at midnight, D'Amato sent an SOS to me. In his own terse words he confessed he needed help. His explanation: "The promoter is out." I frankly admit that I didn't feel like helping but indicated I would sleep on it and let him know. Early the next day Arch Hudman, executive secretary of the National Boxing Association and the man who was responsible for creating interest in the so-called fight, called me and told of the mess in Indianapolis. He asked me to come out for the sake of Indy and boxing. At noon I agreed to go.

Now, while the Rhodes matter was in full swing, the Zeckendorfs were

beginning to lose confidence. Why? Well, Patterson had appeared to be my stock in trade, and D'Amato had evidently cast me aside in favor of another. So they asked, why should we form a partnership with you when you have nothing to offer? I tried to tell them what must have seemed highly implausible, namely, that our future lay in a Johansson victory. This was more than a long shot—indeed, in my mind it had a real good chance to happen. But the Zeckendorfs had no reason to consider my judgment as a boxing expert, so they definitely lost interest.

Now, with my last-minute rescue of the Indianapolis situation and what seemed to have been D'Amato's revived faith in me as a promoter, the Zeckendorfs became reinterested and reactivated talks between their lawyers and mine.

MIRACLE IN INDIANA

The Indianapolis promotion, for which I served as an adviser and trouble shooter, turned out to be a 10-day miracle. It was, at best, a very unattractive fight, but nevertheless the large Coliseum was well filled and the gross receipts exceeded \$120,000.

Back to New York. Back to the only important project, the big fight, and back to problems.

Mr. Black and Mr. Velella wanted to get control of Rosenzohn Enterprises. At the same time, the Zeckendorfs were negotiating to close a deal with me for a five-year partnership. All of a sudden it became necessary for me as a promoter to announce the TV deal, and it was not the kind of a deal

any promoter or any responsible-minded person would want to announce. It certainly wasn't an announcement to be proud of, I had to announce and take the responsibility for a TV deal I had no part in negotiating. I had to tell the press and ask them to believe that I, an apparently sane human being, closed a deal for \$300,000 when I had received a bona fide offer of \$450,000. I wasn't happy about doing it. I protested to Cus, but then again this was another of the small costs of making the fight possible. The important aftermath was not in the rather justifiable ridiculing attitude of the press but in the reaction of the Zeckendorfs. They were unhappy. They were unhappy about the whole situation. They felt D'Amato was running the whole promotion, that he was pulling all the strings. As a last backbreaking move they wanted to walk away from any partnership arrangement with me. They had already advanced \$50,000. Quite honestly, I couldn't blame them. I myself was extremely unhappy. My consolation was the tremendous faith in Ingemar's ability to win the title and the creation of what I hoped to be a new era and approach to boxing.

And so the deal with the Zeckendorfs died. Now Black and Velella were happy. All of a sudden they were to receive two-thirds of the profits instead of two-eighths. Now Velella didn't want to put up any money. And so now, of course, I didn't want to include them in Rosenzohn Enterprises. This was the middle of May.

continued



D'AMATO'S FRIEND, Charley Black (left), talks it over with the fight manager, Cus.



RIGHT TO UNDER COVER. Politician Vincent J. Velella was studied first for power,



TELEPROMPTER PREXY Irving B. Kahn wants to televise next championship fight.

I withstood their relentless pressure for over four weeks. Finally, on that fateful date, June 18, at the same time that I signed away my ancillary rights to all future Floyd Patterson fights, I signed over two-thirds of the stock, one third to Charley Black, one third to his friend Vincent J. Velella.

At this time I could tell no one but

my lawyer much of what happened. I wasted very much to tell Ingemar and Eddie Ahlquist, but, and it was a very strong but, I feared that had I done so they would have exploded, packed up and left for Sweden.

So the dark truth, for a time at least, had to be a secret. And still in my mind it was not that important because it represented, I thought then, only a formalized way to dis-

tribute the profits to my partners.

There were other demands made on me by my partners. Velella wanted to get the best seats, center section, first row back, as many as possible. As a promoter it was important to me to keep as many of these seats as possible to accommodate important buyers. But to accede to the demands of my partner I agreed to sell him 532 seats in the two center sections, the best, of course. He, in turn, signed a paper saying he would not return any. His cash commitment? Not the \$53,200 that it should have been, but a deposit of \$25,000, the only money he ever advanced to the corporation. In addition, D'Amato demanded 250 of the best seats, first row back, center section. Charley Black picked these tickets up, and he signed an agreement that they would be nonrefundable. He signed a slip that the amount of these tickets should be deducted from Patterson's purse. He signed for Gus.

Two days before the fight, at 4 p.m., Velella's secretary brought down a box. It contained over 600 tickets, evidently including some of D'Amato's allotment. She demanded that these tickets be taken back. I signed a receipt but indicated I could only credit them to the account of Velella and D'Amato if they were resold. Imagine the immensity of the problem. Six hundred choice \$100 seats returned at a time when people had stopped buying red-carpet ringsides and were buying the cheaper seats, 600 tickets returned by my people who had given me written promises that these tickets would not be refunded. I was not very happy about my partners at this point.

Well, despite everything the fight took place. It was a memorable night. It was both a nightmare and the most thrilling, satisfying dream come alive that any mortal could experience. It was, as some writers indicated, a fairy tale come true. The so-called boy without a chance, the 5-1 underdog, the man on whom I had banked everything won the world heavyweight title.

Outwardly I was happy, and indeed I should have been. The days following the fight I met with my partners and they seemed happy. They talked in glowing terms of the rematch and the profit that could be made therefrom. The \$50,000 loss on the promotion seemed insignificant when compared to the anticipated profits on the rematch. In a state of

June 15, 1959

Mr. William F. Rosensohn
Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc.
Hotel Manhattan
New York 36, New York

Dear Bill:

This is to acknowledge that I have picked up 250 - \$100 ringside tickets. It is my understanding that these tickets will be 16 seats in each row from the first row back.

It is my further understanding that you will deduct the total amount due for these tickets (\$25,000) from the money payable to my fighter, Floyd Patterson.

Sincerely yours,

Constantine D'Amato
Constantine D'Amato

SIGNATURES OF GUS D'AMATO AND BLACK SEEM TO BE INTERCHANGEABLE

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM		TELETYPE
RADIO LONG PD-NEW YORK NY 34 159PM WILLIAM ROSENHORN, CARE ROSENHORN ENTERPRISES INC MANHATTAN HOTEL NYC		
JUN 14 7 3 37		

AS MAJORITY STOCKHOLDER, DIRECTOR AND COUNSEL OF ROSENHORN ENTERPRISES, INC., I MUST REMIND YOU THAT NO DEAL, COMMITMENTS OR OTHER ARRANGEMENTS ARE TO BE MADE BY YOU WITH RESPECT TO THE FORTHCOMING PATTERSON-JOHANSSON REMATCH WITHOUT PROPER CONSULTATION AND APPROPRIATE APPROVALS FROM ROSENHORN ENTERPRISES, INC. IN VIEW OF OUR RECENT DISCUSSIONS CONCERNING MY DISSATISFACTION WITH THE PREVIOUS PATTERSON-JOHANSSON PROMOTION AND YOUR ASSURANCE THAT YOU WOULD CONSULT ME ON FUTURE OPERATIONS, I AM AMAZED AT THE LACK OF COMMUNICATION AND ADVICE FROM YOU AND PARTICULARLY BY PUBLISHED REPORTS THAT YOU HAVE GRANTED AN OPTION FOR THE NEXT PROMOTION TO CALIFORNIA INTERESTS. I WISH TO ADVISE YOU AGAIN OF MY INSISTANCE THAT YOU DO NOT PROCEED WITH ANY NEGOTIATIONS UNTIL WE HAVE HAD A FULL OPPORTUNITY TO REVIEW YOUR PAST ACTIVITIES AND OUR FUTURE PLANS.

VINCENT J. VELELLA 103 EAST 125 STREET NEW YORK CITY

BRUSQUE ORDER FROM VELELLA SHOWED ROSENHORN WHO WAS HIS BOSS

WHAT IT ALL MEANS

by MARTIN KANE

THE SORRY SITUATION Bill Rosensohn describes in these pages leaves only a dim possibility that the return bout between Ingemar Johansson, new heavyweight champion, and Floyd Patterson, new ex-champion, can be staged in September. A wrangle as tangled as this one cannot be resolved easily. To make a September fight possible Ingemar would have to start training almost immediately. He shows no sign of doing so. He has said he would prefer to wait until next year, and now he has an excuse for postponement.

The crisis even raises the question of whether there will be a return bout at all, though it is such a commercially attractive match that it must be assumed some way will be found to make it—possibly by next June. But before it is made Ingemar Johansson will have to be satisfied that everything is on the up and up. At this moment he has no reason to think so.

Neither has anyone else. The situation calls for investigation by the New York State boxing commission and by any other state commission to which the fight may be offered, perhaps even by other law enforcement bodies. It is illegal for a manager to be, at the same time, an undercover promoter.

For it is now revealed that Rosensohn Enterprises is not, as previously represented, controlled by Rosensohn but by Vincent J. Velella, an East Harlem politician of no previous stature in boxing. How did Velella get into Rosensohn Enterprises? Rosensohn says it was through Charley Black, whose signature seems to be interchangeable with that of Cas D'Amato, manager of Floyd Patterson (see opposite page). Black, indeed, seems to have owned a third of Rosensohn Enterprises before Velella assumed a full two-thirds and thus absolute control. Velella could not have done so without Black's acquiescence—and therefore D'Amato's. Last weekend, at what Rosensohn happily calls a "bastard meeting" of the corporation, Rosensohn was ousted as president and Velella took the chair. At a previous meeting Irving B. Kahn, president of TelePrompTer, which televised the Johansson-Patterson fight, was elected to the board of directors of Rosensohn Enterprises. Kahn is Rosensohn's old boss and new enemy. Thus the entire cast of the promotion corporation was

loaded against Rosensohn, whose disgusted response was an offer to buy out the corporation or sell his interest in it for \$75,000. He also resigned as director. This play was by no means founded on a defeatist attitude, for the fact is that Rosensohn Enterprises needs Rosensohn simply because it needs Johansson. Consider this enlightening statement from Johansson, given to our Gilbert Rogin in Sweden last week:

"My contract is with Bill. I can't understand why those fellows are destroying interest in the fight. They will chase it away, make people think it is crooked. Bill has always been very fair to me. I can't see any reason for me to change my opinion of Bill. But I'd like to know more of what's going on.

"I will wait and see that everything will be cleared up. If everything works out and I am satisfied with everything, I will be glad to give Floyd a chance.

"But if they are putting me in trouble I will surprise them. I hope that they don't try to put me into the trouble. I don't want to be in the fight politics."

What this means is that Johansson has sided with Rosensohn and will have no dealings with a promotion organization that is transparently allied with the manager of his prospective opponent, Floyd Patterson.

D'Amato announced last week that he has the contractual right to determine the site and date of the return bout. It sounded impressive, but no one knows better than D'Amato that his contract is meaningful only if he can persuade Johansson to accept the site and date. There is no way to get the heavyweight title away from Johansson in courts of law. It can only be won in the ring.

And only in the ring can Floyd Patterson win it back. If Floyd does not get his chance to regain the championship, it will be the fault of D'Amato's desire for power and his self-defeating urge to control every possible eventuality in a sport that, like all sports, lives by hazard or is not a sport at all.

Thus D'Amato tried to foist Harry Davidow, a lunchette owner, on Johansson as his 10% American manager. Johansson cleverly knocked that scheme on the head just by exposing it, and the New York State boxing commission denounced the contract. The Rosensohn Enterprises raid is in the Davidow pattern.

The Davidow gambit doesn't seem to be working this time, either. Rosensohn is dealing from more strength than he cares to admit. With Johansson on his side he has that big right-hand punch going for him.

numbness and exhaustion I decided to go to California for a two-week vacation. While there, I never even inquired into the availability of the Coliseum for a rematch. However, the urge to get back to work and the all-important return bout made me cut short my vacation. I came back a week early. The day after arriving in New York I received a shocking telegram from Velella. It read:

AS MAJORITY STOCKHOLDER, DIRECTOR AND COUNSEL OF ROSENBOHN

ENTERPRISES, INC., I MUST REMIND YOU THAT NO DEAL, COMMITMENTS OR OTHER ARRANGEMENTS ARE TO BE MADE BY YOU WITH RESPECT TO THE FORTHCOMING PATTERSON-JOHANSSON RETURN BOUT WITHOUT PROPER CONSULTATION AND APPROPRIATE APPROVALS FROM ROSENBOHN ENTERPRISES, INC. IN VIEW OF OUR RECENT DISCUSSIONS CONCERNING MY DISSATISFACTION WITH THE PREVIOUS PATTERSON-JOHANSSON PROMOTION AND YOUR ASSURANCE

THAT YOU WOULD CONSULT ME ON FUTURE OPERATIONS. I AM AMAZED AT THE LACK OF COMMUNICATION AND ADVICE FROM YOU AND PARTICULARLY BY PUBLISHED REPORTS THAT YOU HAVE GRANTED AN OPTION FOR THE NEXT PROMOTION TO CALIFORNIA INTERESTS. I WISH TO ADVISE YOU OF MY INSISTENCE THAT YOU DO NOT PROCEED WITH ANY NEGOTIATIONS UNTIL WE HAVE HAD A FULL OPPORTUNITY TO REVIEW

continued on page 65



RIDE

**Despite his fears, France's
Riaud drove a confident race
to an exciting conclusion**

As post time approached for the first International Championship Trot at New York's Roosevelt Raceway last Saturday night, handsome Jean Riaud, driver of the French horse Jamin, was a troubled, frowning young man. "I do not know what to expect," he said. "I cannot plan how to drive. Always in France, Jamin has the handicap; we start behind the other horses. I take him out to the center of the track so we cannot get into trouble with the other horses—and he wins. Here"—and he shrugged—"I do not know. I think he is the best horse, but maybe he will not like this [half-mile] track. In France the tracks are bigger, the turns are not so sharp." Then he excused himself and drove out to race.

Up in the clubhouse, Del Miller, dean of U.S. drivers, was talking about a chance meeting with Riaud that morning. "We're old friends," said Miller. "I got to know him real well in France last winter. I told him this morning—'Jean, the only horse you've got to fear is the American Trader Horn. Follow him. Follow him as long as you can. At the end, pull out and go' I think he'll win." Miller concluded, "and I'm betting on him."

In the plush Directors Lounge overlooking the track, Madame Leon Olry-Roederer, owner of the French horse, saw Jamin come out on the track and also excused herself. She'd never seen Jamin race; all through his four-year career, though he'd won the vast majority of his starts, Madame Roederer had never been able to bring herself to watch. Nerves, she explained, and disappeared in the direction of the powder room.

Johnny Simpson cornered a friendly

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

CRITICAL MOMENT comes as Jamin (No. 5) challenges Trader Horn in the stretch.

IN A ROCKING CHAIR

reporter in the paddock. One of the best trainer-drivers in the business, Simpson, normally the noncommittal horseman, was surprisingly animated. "Listen," he told his friend, "I've been watching that Jamin work out. He can go far and he can go fast. A beautiful gait. Trots like our Dean Hanovers. Here," he said, fishing out a roll of bills, "you're leaving anyway—put this on Jamin for me. If you're smart, you'll put some up yourself. I can't leave the paddock: I got some horses to race later on."

"Sorry," said his friend. "You know I never bet. Besides, I'm going to report the race from here."

Simpson shrugged and they turned toward the track.

Eight trotters—one each from France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Canada and the U.S., and two from Italy—paraded to the post before a festive opening night crowd of 48,000. The setting for this first world championship event was perfect. A balmy, starlit evening, a superbly conditioned track surrounding a sparkling green infield, the drone of an occasional plane overhead cutting the tense, expectant hush. Trader went off at 4 to 5; Jamin at nearly 5 to 1; most of the others at long odds.

Going into the first turn, Jamin broke stride, something he'd done only once before in five years. (Riaud explained later: "It was the sharp turn. He is not used to it.") But he recovered quickly, and Riaud had him tucked in neatly behind Trader Horn at the quarter-pole. (In the clubhouse Del Miller nodded, pleased.) From then on, until the last few yards, Riaud sat, immobile, behind his horse as a succession of trotters fought for the lead. Each time he passed the paddock turn (there were three circuits in this mile-and-a-half race) the knowledgeable railbirds there marveled at Riaud's relaxed drive. "Look at him," said Simpson. "He might as well be in a rocking chair. He just knows he's the best."

Starting the final lap, Riaud really showed his confidence. Trader Horn was leading, and Riaud pulled out alongside and went the last half mile

on the outside. (Trader's driver, Billy Haughton, said later: "When I saw him go outside, I figured here was my chance to gain some ground. But I couldn't—not an inch.")

Turning into the stretch, Riaud shook the lines slightly, and Jamin had a two-length lead in seconds. The race appeared over until, with yards to go, the game Italian, Tornese, also passed Trader and began to challenge. Riaud slapped the sulky shaft with his whip, and the race really was over. (Asked, later, why he'd used the whip when he never had previously, Riaud said: "I think we would win anyway, but I also think why should I take the chance? I do not want to say to

myself tomorrow if I lose—why, Jean, didn't you do something?")

In the powder room, Madame Roederer had fainted. She had not reckoned with the fact that Roosevelt's public address system carries the call of the race *everywhere* on the track. Just listening to Jamin race was too much for his owner. But they revived her in time for the elaborate ceremonies in the winner's circle.

Del Miller beamed as he headed for the cashier's window. Jamin paid \$11.70 for each \$2 bet.

In the paddock, Johnny Simpson turned to his friend. "You knothead," he said. "You cost us both a small fortune."

END



HAPPY MOMENT comes for Madame Roederer at victory party as she pours her own champagne. In addition to trotting stable, she owns Roederer champagne dynasty.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Martin E. Newman

Pumping Plasma into Polo

**A renaissance has overtaken
a sport that nearly died
when its rich patrons grew too
old to play. Here it is at its
best at Oak Brook**

ONE OF THE best-kept secrets of sport is the astounding renaissance of polo. Nowadays even the metropolitan sports pages are loth to grant more than a stick of type to polo, and not without reason. For polo, like music, must be performed with tremendous skill to interest anyone except the performer.

The action on the following four pages shows a few of the only 17 polo players in the U.S. who can be considered of championship caliber. It is significant that not one of them is from Long Island or, more specifically, Meadow Brook. During the first 50 years of U.S. polo history, championship polo was the private preserve of Meadow Brook, with only minor intrusions from California and Texas. Tommy Hitchcock and the Whitneys, the Igleharts and the Guest brothers, the Gerrys and Mike Phipps and Laddie Sanford and the rest of the Meadow Brook crowd were to polo what the Impressionists and Paris were to painting.

Between the world wars, the Texans and Californians raised a challenge with players like Cecil Smith, Eric Pedley, Elmer Boeseke and Aidan Roark, and out of this challenge came the finest and roughest polo ever played—the unforgettable East-West matches of the '30s. For action and stomach-churning suspense and violence those matches were the equal of anything in sport. But middle age and taxes ended this era, and polo appeared to have died out.

So it seemed, but it was not to be. Small clubs sprang up in places that had never heard of Hitchcock, and players with no particular credentials other than their love of the game learned to pool their resources and ponies and play on a modest budget.

Throughout the summer at the Oak Brook Club in Hinsdale, just outside Chicago (where these pictures were taken), and during the winter at Boca Raton, Fla. the comparative handful of high-goalers play a brand of polo that would do credit to the old field at Meadow Brook, but the game no longer belongs to the very rich. The best players are now the pros and the horse dealers from the West. Their ability fused with the enthusiasm of the weekend players has pumped a great new vitality into one of the magnificent games of our time.

COURAGE

Polo frequently brings teeth-jarring collisions such as this one between Luis Ramos (in blue) and Del Carroll.







AGILITY

His nimble pony puts big Harold Barry (No. 3, in blue) of Detroit CCC in position for difficult outside backhand as teammates and Milwaukee opponents are caught out of position.



SPEED

In race for ball, Barry beats Gus White Jr. of Milwaukee and sends an offside forehand, the standard shot of polo, booming far down the field.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Death of Jean Behra

WITH skies leaden and the 5.1-mile course as damp as the spirits of the drivers who raced in it, Britain's Tony Brooks last Sunday won the Grand Prix of Germany over the AVUS track in West Berlin.

Brooks pressed his Ferrari to a 143.5-mph average. A crowd of 75,000 was on hand to watch. It should have been a great occasion.

But while speeds were high, morale was low. The day before, during a warmup for the Grand Prix, a downpour hit the track, and France's finest race driver, 38-year-old Jean Behra, found his Porsche fishtailing off the banked north turn at 110 mph. The car nosed upward and soared. Behra was projected even higher and, clutching at a wasteland of thin air, smashed against a pole and died of head and neck injuries.

In his honor next day, two Porsches dropped out of the Grand Prix and the sporting world mourned another of the truly fine and courageous men of racing. Behra was not endowed with the innate talent of men like Ascari (killed 1955) or Fangio (retired 1958) or Moss (still active), but he had skill and an unflinching determination, often coupled with recklessness, to win. Among his victories were the classic races of Pau, Bordeaux, Bari, Nurburgring, Aintree and Sebring. At Sebring he was teamed with Fangio, and he was expected some day to take over Fangio's crown.

Said Stirling Moss after Behra's death: "Berlin's AVUS is the worst track in the world. It is dangerous, it is uninteresting and it requires a minimum of driving skill." Every word might be true, but what Stirling Moss was really expressing was the grief of racing men for the death of Jean Behra.

Two Out in Chattanooga

LIKE a lady with a purple past, baseball has lived with the memory of its Black Sox scandal for 40 years. That memory was dredged up again last week with the news that two players in the Southern Association had been attempting to fix games. Punishment was swift. One player, Waldo Gonzalez, was booted out for a year. The other, 33-year-old Jesse Levan, the leading hitter of the Chattanooga Lookouts, was thrown out forever.

It was in early July that George Trautman, president of the minor leagues, heard that certain members of the Chattanooga team were being bribed to lose games. Trautman questioned every man on the team and excused all but five, Levan and Gonzalez among them. The investigation of these five men continued all month, and when it was done, this is the story Trautman had:

When the season began, Sammy Meeks was first base coach for the Mobile Bears. One day, Meeks said,

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Levan invited him into a cocktail lounge where another man was waiting. The two men told Meeks he could earn some easy money if he watched Chattanooga's shortstop, Waldo Gonzalez, before every pitch. If Gonzalez was standing erect, the pitch would be a fast ball. If Gonzalez was bent, it would be a curve. Meeks could then alert the Mobile batter what to expect.

Meeks refused the "easy money," he said, but did agree to keep an eye on the Chattanooga shortstop's risings and bendings in case they might help him signal Mobile batters what to expect. He did not report the conversation, he said, because he did not want to spoil a tip that might help his team win. After all, wasn't winning the most important thing? A Mobile batter who admitted testing the supposed system in one game said that it didn't work.

In mid-June Meeks was released by Mobile and signed by Chattanooga. Now he had some deep thinking to do. He decided to tell of his conversations with Levan. Meeks informed the Chattanooga catcher. The catcher told the manager. The manager told the club president. The club president told the league president. The league president told Trautman.

Two other Chattanooga players testified that Levan had tried to bribe them. Both were pitchers, and Levan had asked them to throw easy-to-hit pitches. Levan was called in and confronted with all this. He insisted, "I've never accepted a bribe or a fix." He said he would appeal the lifetime ban: "I feel my punishment is too severe." Gonzalez denied intentional sign-tipping but was suspended for his lack of cooperation during Trautman's investigation.

One of the pitchers who had been asked to throw easy-to-hit pitches, Tom McAvoy, said he thought Levan was joking. The other, Jim Heise, took it more seriously but didn't turn Levan in because he was "a friend." Jim Heise, and baseball itself, needs no friends on those terms.

After Hannibal

It was a happy elephant that stood swigging a fusco of Chianti in the warm Italian sunshine one day last week, the center of the uproar swirling around her. Fire hoses gushed high in the air, brass bands tootled and children cheered. After 10 days and 150 miles on the road, the British Alpine Hannibal Expedition had led an elephant named Jumbo

bo out of France, over the towering Alps and into the town of Susa. And what made it truly remarkable, Jumbo was the first elephant to come that way in 2,177 years.

Not that Jumbo was exactly a 100% heroine. When she set out from Montmélian, France the week before, her objective (and that of her caretakers) was to cross the Alps over an



8,200-foot pass called Col du Clapiet. The pass, in the controversial opinion of John Hoyte, an English amateur historian, is probably the one used by Hannibal, who invaded Italy in 218 B.C. with 45,000 men and 37 elephants. And Hoyte borrowed Jumbo from the Turin Zoo for a practical test of this thesis. Unfortunately, after the first week's march up the beautiful winding roads of the French Alps (at Jumbo's steady 15-mph pace) things stopped going according to Hoyte. Leaving Jumbo five miles from and 2,000 feet below Col du Clapiet, Ernesto Gobold, the elephant's trainer from Turin, scouted the pass and reported it partially closed by rock slides. "There are two or three places too narrow for Jumbo," he told Hoyte. Too narrow, he said, even though his elephant had lost some 300 pounds since the caravan left Montmélian. Too narrow, indeed, even though a few days before three stone masons had mounted the summit of Clapiet and carved into the rock a likeness of Jumbo and a premature inscription commemorating her historic passage.

It seemed un-British to turn back altogether. Instead Hoyte, Gobold and others in the party decided to use another pass which, while it would supply no proof for Hoyte's theory, would at least afford an access to Turin, Jumbo's destination. The pass chosen was the 5,800-foot Col du Mont Cenis (used by Napoleon, sans elephants, whenever he felt like in-

They Said It

INGEMAN JOHANSSON, on financial hanky-panky in the boxing business and how to beat it: "Everybody wants a piece of the cake. But my cake has no slices."

WALTER HAGEN, five-time Professional Golf Association champion, bewailing the disappearance of match play from his favorite tournament: "Match play is like playing bridge and match play is like gin rummy. In bridge you have to be quiet and mind your manners. In rummy you can kid your opponent and have a little fun with him."

STAN MUSIAL of the St. Louis Cardinals, 38, on meeting Senator John Kennedy, 42: "They tell me I'm too old to play baseball and you're too young to be President. Maybe we should get together on this."

POPE JOHN XXIII, after watching the Harlem Globetrotters go through a tricky basketball drill with their exhibition-passive opponents, the San Francisco Chinero: "Bravo! Bravo! Your races represent almost all parts of the world and you engage in friendly sport together. How good it would be if this idea was a bit more widely spread these days."



vading Italy'), and two days later Jumbo marched triumphantly up and over.

By now the scientific expedition had taken on the proportions of a small circus. Jumbo did tricks for photographers as she descended into Italy, and at the Italian frontier she presented a foot-square passport which listed, in the space for Special Peculiarities, "Long nose and partiality for pears."

Later that day Jumbo was in Suss, drinking her fill of Italian wine and having, it appeared, the time of her 11-year life. And there, perhaps, she came to understand the full import of the words addressed to her ancestors by Hannibal 22 centuries before from the top of the Alps: "We now surmount not only the ramparts of Italy but also of the city of Rome; all the rest is smooth and downhill."

Lucky Stiff

A YOUNG LAWYER in Rochester, hard-working and very successful, spends his weekends working hard, but not very successfully, on his golf game. He had, until recently, been unable to break 90.

Then one day he went water skiing on a neighboring lake. It was his first outing and he fell often. The next morning he had a fearfully stiff neck. He also had a golf date.

Bravely he winced onto the first tee. Unable to do anything except keep his head down, his eye on the ball, he sent his first drive whistling 270 yards down the fairway. It went

that way all afternoon, and the lawyer ended up with an exhilarating 84. The following day, neck still stiff, drives still whistling, he scored an



82. He began entertaining visions of breaking 80.

Then came disaster. His neck unstiffened. The drives stopped whistling and once again he shot in the miserable high 90s.

Back onto the water skis hustled the young lawyer, but by now he was reasonably competent. No spills, no stiff neck. No whistling drives, no breaking 90, let alone 80. He needs help. Anybody know what is good for causing a stiff neck?

The Injured Moose

WILLIAM JOSEPH SKOWRON, commonly called Moose, is a well-muscled young man who—when injuries permit—does an outstanding job at first base for the New York Yankees. A fortnight ago he broke the radius and ulna bones of his left wrist in a freak base line accident at Detroit, and at that point, understandably enough, he was sunk in gloom. "I'm just a putty ballplayer," he moaned. "This is the fifth time this year I've been out. I've never had

one season without being hurt. . . . Hell, I want to play!" But last week Skowron, relaxing in a hospital bed with his wrist in a plaster cast, was quite himself again, good-natured and soft-spoken, and he was accepting his latest mishap more philosophically.

"I never had any real injuries when I was a kid," he told a visitor. "Oh yeah, playing high school basketball I jumped for a rebound, came down wrong and sprained my ankle. And playing football I lost three teeth, and another time a guy hit me square on my thigh muscle with his helmet and I was out six weeks. But that was all. Then playing college football I lost two more teeth and got laid up when I was clipped from behind. But that's all.

"Even the first few years in the majors weren't so bad. I broke in with the Yankees in '54, but I didn't lose much time. Of course, Casey was platooning me. In '55 I tore a muscle in Chicago, right here under my thigh, and I was out six weeks. In '56 I stayed in good shape most of the time and had my best year. I hit .308, got over 20 homers, knocked in 90 runs.

"Then in '57 I had my trouble with the air conditioner. I took it out of the window and favored a bad finger when I was moving it. The next thing I knew I felt a wicked pain in my back. I've had a bad back ever since. I also got hit by a pitched ball, I broke my thumb and I broke a toe.

"Things were better in '58. But I did tear a muscle up high, up on my back, going for a ground ball Clint

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Courtney hit. I was out three weeks. And I hurt my leg running out a base hit in Kansas City and was out for two more.

"This year was the worst ever. In spring training, I hurt my back and was out for 10 days. I only missed the opener, though, so I shouldn't count that. At the exhibition game for Campy in Los Angeles I pulled a leg muscle. It cost me two weeks. After the All-Star Game I got hit in the head by Ike Delock. I kept playing, so that shouldn't count either. Then the back again. The last time was in Boston early last month. I still don't know how it happened. Maybe I had been sitting in a draft. . . .

"The day I broke the wrist in Detroit, I asked Casey to play me. Just one inning. I didn't figure it could hurt. So there I was, the first inning back, the first chance I had. Hector Lopez threw the ball a little wide. I reached for it into the runner and there it went. It wasn't Hee's fault, it was mine. Casey came running out when it happened. He just took one look at it. He knew what it was. Then he turned and walked away.

"You know, I thought I was having a pretty good year, considering the injuries. Hitting around .300, leading the club in RBIs. Then this happens. But I'm not sorry for myself. I don't think things happen to me and no one else. What I do think about is that you don't get salary increases by playing 90 or 100 games, no matter how well you do. You get them by playing 150 games.

"One thing I am sorry about is making that statement that I consider myself a putty ballplayer. Some sportswriter stuck it in my mouth and I said 'Yeah, I'm a putty ballplayer.' I was sorry right after I said it, but I was feeling low. I was angry because the doc had told me I was out for the year. I said to myself, 'Two little bones broken and you're out! . . . You're out!'

"Well, that's all behind me now. They told me I might be getting out of the hospital soon. This morning they took X-rays and told me the bones are in place and everything's fine. It'll just take time to heal. Somebody said I might even play the last

two weeks. But you know something? I knew yesterday that it was mending well—yesterday was the first time since I broke the wrist that I had the old craving for hot dogs."

Future of Dogs and Cats

SIR RONALD FISHER, a bearded English scientist of awesome repute, was interviewed in Australia not long ago, and in the course of some observations on genetics said that surgery would enable dogs and cats to "speak simple sentences." A stunned silence followed publication of his words, nothing being heard from newspapermen, other scientists or dogs. Now, however, an English writer, Paul Jennings, has taken up the matter in London's *Sunday Observer* with a querulous demand that science leave well enough alone. "We know what they're saying already," wrote Jennings. "If you spent £1 million on research and surgery to make our cat speak, she would say, 'I hate you. I hate everybody. Open this damn window and give me some milk.' Our dog would say, 'I love you, shloop, shloop.'"

Since Russian scientists have succeeded in grafting a second head on a living dog, it appears unwise to dismiss too casually these comments on animal communications: dogs and

cats may start talking all around us even while we are calling the reports nonsense. Launching our own inquiry, we have discovered that Sir Ronald did not mean that canine conversations were to be in the immediate future. What he actually said was, "I am convinced scientists will eventually increase the intelligence of dogs, cats and monkeys. Surgery on the brain and mouth, followed by intensive training, should enable these animals to speak. . . ." But he said that at least 40 years of progress would be necessary, and that eventually monkeys might do factory work and serve as household servants.

Now 69, Sir Ronald was until recently Arthur Balfour Professor of Genetics at Cambridge. He became famous after World War I when he performed the herculean task of organizing 75 years of British agricultural statistics. The University of Chicago in awarding him an honorary degree called him one of the greatest figures in the history of scientific method. His comments on current controversies, like the relation of smoking and lung cancer (not proved, he says), are respectfully noted in the British press. But dog-lovers seem to have lost their voices over his prediction that dogs will talk. Nobody has provided a single serious comment. Nobody has ventured to suggest what people and dogs might discuss.

We don't like to see a promising and conceivably sporting discussion languish for want of encouragement, and we'd be willing to start things off with the idea that dogs and men have a lot of things to straighten out if they ever get to it. In the week's news, for instance, we note the conviction of a Long Island bloodhound fancier named A. Kent McClelland that bloodhounds have been maligned for generations as a blood-thirsty set, whereas they are actually, in McClelland's opinion, one of the friendliest and most people-loving of all dogs.

"If the bloodhounds had caught Eliza fleeing across the sea," says McClelland, "they would merely have licked her face."

What about it?

END



Inside Baseball

What does the catcher say to the pitcher?

"Come on, kid, we're all witcha."

What does the pitcher say to the catcher?

"I'm gonna fling this one right atcha."

—CHARLES MOREY



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BILL SHEA proclaims Continental League. With Shea: Jack Kent Cooke (Toronto), Craig Cullinan Jr. (Houston), Wheelock Whitney Jr. (Minneapolis-St. Paul), Dwight Davis Jr. (N.Y.C.), Robert Housam (Denver).

IT WAS BOUND TO COME

IT was bound to come, and last week it came: the founding of baseball's third major league. New York City's Bill Shea had already named the impressive backers of a third-league team in his town (SI, June 29); this time he introduced some of the organizers of major league teams-in-waiting in Toronto, Denver, Minneapolis-St. Paul and Houston. The third league will call itself the Continental League, Shea said, and will strive to play a full season of 154 games (in stadiums seating 35,000 or better) by 1961. By that time there will be at least eight founder clubs, Shea promised, noting that New Orleans, Dallas-Fort Worth, Miami, Indianapolis, San Diego, Seattle, Portland and San Juan, Puerto Rico are also showing interest.

Where will the ballplayers come from? Shea can answer that question a lot more fully after he and his fellow Continentals have met with the National and American League owners on August 18. The real answer, of course, is that they will have to come from the existing major league teams and their carefully guarded preserves in the minors, as well as from new baseball talent attracted and discovered by a broadening of the major league base. Before the Continental League can open for business hosts of other problems will have to be solved. But no one who has watched the growth of the U.S. and its sports interests in the last half-dozen years can very seriously doubt that the

solutions will be found. Evidence of the vigor and enthusiasm the third league evokes was detectable in the people who stepped forward last week as backers of the Continental.

Most of them are young and already successful in a variety of business activities. Jack Cooke of Toronto, 45, is a manufacturer who got into sport by way of the Toronto baseball and hockey teams, and now talks of big league ball in Canada like a Crusader discussing a plan to capture the Holy Land from the Turks. Craig Cullinan Jr., 34, chairman of the Houston backers, is a grandson of the man who founded Texaco.

Wheelock Whitney Jr., 33, a friend and classmate of Cullinan's at Yale,

is a Minneapolis investment banker, a director of the Susquehanna Corp., whose board chairman is Avery Brundage. Dwight Davis, representing the backers of the New York team in the new league, is the son of the donor of the Davis Cup. Robert Housam, 41, president of the Denver ball club, is the son-in-law of Colorado's elder statesman, ex-Senator Ed C. Johnson. (Simultaneously, in another significant show of enterprise, a young fellow named Lamar Hunt, 26, of Dallas revealed that he and some of his friends are deep in plans for a new professional football league. He is the son of Oilman H. L. Hunt, one of the richest men in the world.)

Strong supporting evidence that major league baseball should spread over the country in the 1960s came from Washington, where a Senate subcommittee heard testimony on two hills—S.616 by Senator Keating and S.886 by Senator Kefauver—both designed to prevent monopoly and preserve opportunity in professional sport. Before this committee testified Ford Frick, Commissioner of Baseball: "I feel deep in my heart that the new Continental League will become a reality." Frick promised that Organized Baseball would be "on the level" in cooperating with the Continentals. Said Senator Kefauver, invisibly waving S.886: "With an attitude such as Mr. Frick has, I should hope that there won't be any great delay in coming to a conclusion about the matter."

END

LAMAR HUNT of Dallas was revealed as one backer of a new pro football league.



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

TIME OUT FROM OUTER SPACE

ALTHOUGH they expect to be shot out of this world within the next two years, the seven Mercury Astronauts are in anything but seventh heaven right now. Instead, brain-befuddling studies, nerve-racking psychological tests and bone-wearying physical stresses fill most of their hours at Langley Research Center in Hampton, Va. Fortunately, some time is left for recreation. And, as shown in the course of a Virginia weekend together, it is time put to good, down-to-earth uses.

Photographs by Robert Phillips



WATER SKIER Walter Schirra Jr., like other Astronauts, thinks sport one of best for keeping in shape and keeping cool in Virginia summer.

GOLFER Alan Shepard Jr. and Tennis Player Malcolm Carpenter are above average in games, though Shepard, who shoots in the 80s, is no stranger to traps and Carpenter no threat to Alex Olmedo.

SKIN DIVERS ALL spacemen are learning the technique as part of conditioning. Clockwise from left: Navy Lieutenant Commander Schirra, Navy Lieutenant Carpenter, Air Force Captain Leroy Cooney Jr., Marine Lieutenant Colonel John Glenn Jr., Navy Lieutenant Commander Shepard, Air Force Captain Don Slayton and an Air Force associate. Astronaut Virgil Gibson was also here.





YARDS FROM FINISH LINE AT NARRAGANSETT PARK NORMAN MECCIER LOSES HIS HOLD (1) ON LURCHING CHELTENHAM, STILL HOPING



RACE OVER, AND PULLED OFF COURSE BY HIS LOPSIDED LOAD, CHELTENHAM STARTS TO VEER (4) TOWARD OUTSIDE RAIL OF TRACK.

HIS MIND MADE UP ON THE NEXT MOVE, 7-2-5 CHELTENHAM BREEZES UP TO RAILING AND PITCHES THE JOCKEY OVER. NEITHER





TO AVOID A SPILL AND FINISH IN THE MONEY (HORSE IS RUNNING THIRD), ACROBATIC JOCKEY EMBRACES HORSE'S NECK (2 AND 3)



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MERCIER NOR CHELTENHAM WAS INJURED



FOURTH BY A NECK

To come a cropper means, literally, to fall headlong off a horse. While Jockey Norman Mercier did not come a cropper at Rhode Island's Narragansett Park the other day, he did come as close as ever a cropper was come. Riding a chestnut 3-year-old named Cheltenham, Mercier tried to swap whip hands 70 yards from the finish. Just then the gelding lurched slightly, and in the next few strides Mercier lost his whip, his irons and his seat. To forestall losing his horse, he clutched Cheltenham around the neck, and held on with might and main to jounsee home fourth for a \$150 share of the purse. Race run, Cheltenham dumped the jockey over the track rail with a horse laugh and walked off. Unhurt, Mercier walked off too, then got back in the saddle (and stayed there) for the next two races.

DRAMA AT MINNEAPOLIS IN WIND AND RAIN

Bob Rosburg and Jerry Barber, a big and a little man, fought it out for the PGA title in miserable weather, and the big man won

by GWILYM BROWN



WINNER ROSBURG'S ODD GRIP AND SWING CAUSE HIM NO TROUBLE

BEGINNING in the heavy heat of Minneapolis last week and ending in a swirl of rain and wind and suspense, the Professional Golfers Association held its 41st annual championship and the second to be run under stroke-play rules. As the week-to-week tournaments on the professional circuit go, it was splendid theater. Jerry Barber, a 43-year-old teaching pro at the Wilshire Country Club in Los Angeles, came up to the 70th hole needing par figures of 3-4-4 for a total of 276 and victory. Bob Rosburg, who outweighs the 5-foot 5-inch, 134-pound Barber nearly three to two, had already closed out with a 3-under-par 277, and that was all Barber had to beat to win the first major tournament of his career.

On the par-3 70th, Barber pushed his tee shot into a bunker bordering the green, recovered to within 15 feet of the pin and sank his putt to hold position. On the par-4 71st, he pulled his second into a bunker to the left

of the green, played out weakly and failed to sink his very long approach putt.

Now with the stiff wind whipping at his trousers and the rain spotting his horn-rimmed spectacles, Barber needed a birdie on the par-4 72nd for the victory that nearly everyone in the immense Sunday crowd of 12,000 wished him. But again he pulled his second shot into a bunker on the left of the green and this time played his wedge too strongly, some 15 feet past the pin. His second straight bogey left him one stroke behind Rosburg, a blond, portly and also bespectacled Californian who had been having his own agonizing time in the clubhouse waiting for Barber to make or break.

A onetime golfing star at Stanford, the 32-year-old Rosburg, whose figure—like that of Billy Casper, the U.S. Open champion—may set physical fitness back a decade or more, has never before won a major golf cham-

pionship. Yet his consistency with, or in spite of, his baseball grip and dufferlike swing is extraordinary. Last year, even without scoring any victories on the tour, he won the Vardon Trophy for the lowest average score per round: 70.11. This year it was he, along with Mike Souchak, who supplied the drama at the Open as he slugged his way through the high winds of the final day and almost caught Casper. Bad weather seems to agree with Rosburg, as befits a son of northern California. His final round of 66 in the PGA was one of the truly notable finishing spurts in the golfing records.

Despite the excitement which was stimulated by last week's renewal, a great many observers complain, and rightly, that the PGA has simply stuck another 72-hole tournament into an already crowded schedule and said, "This is our championship." Well, this could be the last year that that particular charge can be

made. Still another change is in store.

"The only real weakness in this whole setup as it now stands," said Ed Carter, the PGA's 52-year-old tournament director, a hefty, beaming, energetic man who used to buck the line as a fullback at Northwestern, "is that it lacks a truly different format. Well, I personally think that it should be made into a five-day, 90-hole championship. I'm going to make this recommendation to the PGA's executive committee when they meet in December, and there's a good chance that they'll accept my recommendation and install the new format next year.

"We're putting it on better and better courses each year," he continued, "and within a couple of years I think that the attendance will be up 50% and the prize money around \$75,000. We're not deliberately aiming to take a crack at the Open and the Masters, but since this is a professional tournament promoted by professionals there's no reason why it shouldn't be the best."

The professional players themselves, a hard-working group of athletes who can be very truculent at times, would like nothing better than to see their own PGA championship replace the Open as golf's No. 1 prestige event. Many of the leading circuit regulars are even threatening to band together and boycott the Open, but with \$12,000 in prize money currently being offered to the winner there is little chance that the threat has any bite to it. They complain that the qualifying system for the Open, though improved this year, is unfair to players who have proved themselves time and time again through the course of the year but then fail to qualify because of one mediocre round. They add that Open courses are often trucked up to make scoring unnecessarily difficult, i.e., that the fairways are too narrow, the bordering rough too deep, the greens too hard and fast, and the holes cut into the greens at locations that punish a slightly errant shot unfairly. Their strongest protest, and one that has considerable merit, is that the pairings for the Open's final day of 36 holes don't make any sense. Here the tournament leaders are sent off at widely separated times of day and therefore might be playing through different wind and weather conditions. Worse yet, a strong challenger for the lead often finds himself struggling along through his final

round with an amateur who is some dozen strokes out of contention. The PGA, on the other hand, bunches its leaders together and sends them out last so that incentive is maintained and playing conditions are as identical as possible.

"I see this tournament as passing the U.S. Open in stature within the next five years," said Ed Furgol, the 1954 Open champion. "Our men know what they're doing."

What Furgol meant is, quite simply, that the PGA knows how to make money. This, fortunately, is not the USGA's prime concern. They could certainly stretch their Open over four days, at 18 holes a day, and increase the gate receipts by 30% to 50%. But their main interest is in preserving a unique and true championship event. As a four-day affair it could maintain its place as one of the world's most important sports events only by tremendous, annually increased doses of prize money.

This is the problem now facing the PGA in the conduct of its championship. Even while offering a record \$50,000-plus in total prize money this year, their tournament is merely another flower in a blossoming garden of \$50,000 events. The Las Vegas Tournament of Champions with \$10,000 for the winner, the Open with \$12,000 and the Masters with \$15,000 still offer more money, and all are played on more interesting and more difficult courses. What the PGA must do is develop a unique and legitimate way of determining its champion, and Ed Carter's five-day plan seems just a method of extending the present agony. However, the day of a match-play championship is definitely over, since the PGA stoutly insists that it lost money using that formula.

Whatever else this year's PGA may or may not have been, it could hardly have provided a more exciting contest, so filled with dramatic contrasts. No tournament in the history of major competition has ever equaled or even approached this one for the number of players crowded at and around the leading position after the first round. When 42-year-old Chuck Klein, a squat driving-range and par-3 golf course owner from San Antonio, stomped up the short hill to the 18th green in the late afternoon and then two-putted from the extreme back edge, no less than nine golfers had scored 1-under-par 68s to share first place. There were also nine play-

ers clustered one stroke off at 70, eight at 71, 15 at 72, 14 at 73. Only five strokes separated the leading 76 players. To carry this statistic a step further, a narrow blanket of only 10 strokes covered all but 27 of the bulky field of 174 starters.

This unprecedented grouping of scores told a great deal about the course. While not difficult in other respects its greens, hard and small, made it impossible to shoot runaway rounds in the middle or low 60s without playing exceptional golf. In their weekly circuit events the pros are accustomed to well-watered greens that are as soft as custard pudding. On these courses they can bang the ball straight for the cup, confident that it will sit where it hits.

The testing conditions made two of last week's rounds all the more remarkable. One was Jerry Barber's new course record of 65 on the second day. The other was Bob Rosburg's closing rush to victory.

END



VETERAN Jerry Barber tells the press how he shot his new course record of 65.

DREAMLAND FOR THE \$2 BETTOR

Designer-Architect Arthur Froehlich has made an art out of beatifying the racegoer. Here he explains the philosophy of his drawing board



PSYCHOLOGIST FROELICH

CREATION of a successful race track, believes Race Track Architect Arthur Froehlich (whose lavish Hipódromo Nacional at Caracas, Venezuela is pictured here), depends on the application of two fundamentals: the backbone of racing is the \$2 bettor, and the \$2 bettor is not a gambler. He is just a man who needs to express himself, who is in temporary revolt against his environment.

"All week long," Froehlich notes, "he takes orders from his boss, his wife or society in general. When he goes to the race track he wants to show he's smarter than any of them. When he picks a horse, it's his opinion against the world."

First and foremost, at a race track he will not remain still. He is part of the most mobile sport crowds in the whole spectrum. "If there are 30,000 patrons at a race track and only 10,000 seats, half of the seats will be empty," proclaims Froehlich. Whether it is a reaction to the desk chair at the office or the apron strings at home, the bettor prowls like a newly uncaged tiger between races and must be given room to do it.

Next, he must be soothed because wagering money is an activity which can very easily bring on moods of depression or annoyance. Froehlich counteracts this by splashing his tracks liberally with color whether in the flowers and shrubbery or the mosaics of building materials. Warns Froehlich: "Sober colors are no incentive." Neither are long queues, parking lot jams, crowding or bumping in the runways to the windows. A track has to be pleasant and airy and as bright and gay as a state fair. The bettor must be made to feel constantly he is on a day's outing and that the money he is risking is just another investment in fun and recreation, not indulgence in a vice.

Women are important to a track—not economically but psychologically. "Four women at a track in mink coats will split a \$2 bet," concludes Froehlich. "But they bring the key of the place up." For one thing, they remove the guilt complex of the husband who bets. "When a woman goes to the track herself, she no longer regards it as a den of iniquity." To lure her, Froehlich pays as much attention to décor and good taste as the fastest of interior decorators. And for complete domestic

harmony, he recommends that children be admitted—as they are at Froehlich-designed California tracks.

Since there are, after all, only about 16 minutes of pure entertainment in a whole afternoon—or evening—of racing, Froehlich believes the showmanship ratio of racing should be increased. As drama, a horse race has one theme—suspense. At Roosevelt Raceway's night racing, Froehlich intensifies this by dousing the grandstand lights the minute the field charges on the barrier, and only the track is lit. A spotlight catches the winner at the moment of triumph and then follows him dramatically all the way back to the winner's circle.

At Aqueduct and Hollywood Park, also Froehlich designs, the saddling paddock is placed in front of and in full view of the grandstand and clubhouse patrons. And a raised, glamorous and grassy winner's circle underscores this dramatic element of the sport and showcases a winner as an object of awe.

Comfort is important to a man at the serious business of losing or winning money. Some years ago a survey showed Froehlich that the average racegoer was 50 years old or over and often apt to be slightly infirm, probably a retired person. Tracks, therefore, have to be plentifully supplied with escalators and elevators. Artificial pools are favored for summer meets or tracks in warm climates to preserve the illusion of coolness and placidity.

Froehlich's designs have revolutionized the art of racegoing. In the past 20 years, he has prowled more race tracks than a tout down on his luck. But he seldom bets and never queues up in front of the mutuels except to learn firsthand what the problems of his customers are. For most of them, it is picking a winner. It is the one problem Arthur Froehlich cannot handle. As for the rest, he says:

"A race track is just as complicated as any other industrial plant which processes over \$100 million in 55 days. It has to be as efficient as a bank, as careful in its community relations as a department store and as comfortable as a public park." It is meeting these exacting specifications that is making racing the fastest-growing spectator sport in the world today and making Los Angeles-born Arthur Froehlich too busy to get down a bet.

—JAMES MURRAY



ARCHITECT'S MODEL of giant new \$66-million "dream track" in Caracas, Venezuela points up Designer Arthur Froehlich's preoccupation with bright pastels and creature comforts for Thoroughbred

racegoers. Froehlich, who designed California's elegant Hollywood Park as well as New York's Roosevelt Raceway and Aqueduct (due to open Sept. 14), believes Caracas track is his finest work.



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LEAPING HIGH TO AVOID SLIDING YANKEE, LUIS APARICIO (11) COMPLETES QUICK DOUBLE PLAY STARTED BY NELLIE FOX (LEFT)

TWO FOR THE PENNANT

The double-play artistry of Fox and Aparicio could land the White Sox in the World Series

by LES WOODCOCK

THE most amazing thing about this year's amazing American League race is the fact that the Chicago White Sox, who haven't finished first since 1919, are going to win the pennant. Yes, this year. A month ago this was a remote possibility at best, for everyone knew that the White Sox would fold when the hot, humid days of summer rolled around.

Well, summer, hot and humid, has been here for some time now, but the White Sox haven't folded. Instead, they are roaring along in first place, with Cleveland the only challenger left. The old devil Yankees are a fatal dozen games behind.

The pennant-chasing White Sox are an anachronism in this era of power batting. Of the 26 teams that have won major league pennants in the last decade, all but one led or were among the leaders in team home runs. The White Sox are different. They are dead last in hitting home runs, and only Baltimore and Washington have scored less often. Lacking home run hitters, the Sox laboriously squeeze out their runs, one by one, and then rely on pitching and defense to hold off the opposition. This formula has worked well for Chicago this year, because the pitching has been sound and the defense, particularly around second base, has been superb.

An example of this defensive genius is pictured above. The White Sox were leading the Yankees 2-1 in the ninth inning. Suddenly the Yankees rallied. With one out Yogi Berra singled and went to third on Norm Siebern's base hit. It was a typical,

old-fashioned, break-your-heart Yankee rally. Manager Al Lopez called in Relief Pitcher Gerry Staley, and the game waited on this fine edge of tension while Staley trudged in from the bullpen.

When action resumed, Staley threw just one pitch. Hector Lopez hit a sharp grounder to Chicago Second Baseman Nelson Fox who flipped it to Shortstop Luis Aparicio who tossed it on to first base. Double play. Game over. White Sox win.

"The double play is doing the job for Chicago," says George Kell, the Detroit Tiger broadcaster and former All-Star third baseman. "Here is a club trying to win on pitching and defense and little power. Their double-play combination of Fox and Aparicio is the most important factor in Chicago's strength. They are the best in baseball. Chicago could hardly win without them."

continued

Second Baseman Jacob Nelson Fox is a small man. So is Shortstop Luis Ernesto Aparicio. Fox chews tobacco when playing ball. So does Aparicio. Both are polite, intelligent baseball players who save their money and are good to their families.

But don't be fooled by this, nor by their engaging grins and casual pose on this week's cover. Certainly no one in the American League is. When Nellie Fox and Luis Aparicio put on their baseball uniforms they rarely stand around and smile benignly at their opponents.

Fox is a tough, aggressive self-made ballplayer. He became a highly skilled major leaguer only after years of hard work. He would swallow his tobacco whole if it meant winning a ball game. Aparicio had all of the skills from the start. Three seasons in the majors have given him the self-assurance of experience and much of Fox's competitive drive.

"Nellie Fox isn't real fast, and he doesn't have a great arm," says White Sox Manager Al Lopez. "He doesn't have good hands. No, wait a minute. He never bobbles a ball. I'd say he does have a good glove hand. He works hard, and he knows the hitters as well as anyone in the league. The big thing with Fox is that he anticipates where the ball is going."

Fox is not a smooth, deft second baseman in the Lajole mold. Everything he does is the result of many long hours of practice, not natural talent. He has become an outstanding

second baseman. "I'm no ballet dancer," says Fox. "But I know we still get our share of double plays."

Nellie also gets his share of putouts and assists. No other second baseman in the American League has made as many putouts over the last seven seasons. In three of the last four years Fox made the most assists, too.

"Fox doesn't run from any base runner," says Kell. "He gets hit more than anybody in the league while making the double play at second. If it's Hank Bauer versus Fox and there's a collision Fox gets up. He's tough."

"He's always played next to good men at short. He had Carrasquel and now Aparicio. He's come a long way with those fellows. If he hadn't played next to men like them, I don't think he'd be the second baseman he is. And he's one of the four or five best I've seen."

SO YOUNG, SO QUICK

Luis Aparicio is too young and hasn't been around long enough to be called the best shortstop ever. He's got plenty of time for that. But right now, he has no equal in baseball.

"Aparicio is so quick," says Al Lopez, and his eyes light up as he says it. "Getting the ball, throwing it, pivoting. He makes all of the moves and he makes them so quickly. And he's just coming into his own. Why, Luis is still growing. He's still learning to play the hitters. He'll be even better."

Aparicio has a strong, accurate arm. He goes to his right, deep in the hole at short, better than anyone else

around. Lean and slight, he moves with the fluid grace of a matador making his most difficult passes.

"He gets into high gear in two steps, that's why he's so good," says Casey Stengel. "He can cover 25 yards for ya. He goes to his left after he's already gone to his right. Is he good? They ain't trading him, are they? I'd like to get him. Damn right."

In his three seasons in the majors Aparicio has averaged 462 assists a year, by far the highest in the majors. Twice he led the league in putouts.

"It's the shortstop who makes a double-play combination," says Nellie Fox. "It doesn't matter how good the second baseman is. It all depends on how fast the shortstop gets the ball away, how he gets it to the second baseman."

"That's the main thing about Luis. He charges the ball so fast. He has such quick reflexes and hands. He's so fast-moving. He gets the ball away so quickly on the double play."

Ballplayers, who usually ration their compliments carefully, are extravagant in their praise of Fox and Aparicio. "They're the best," says Bobby Richardson, the second baseman of the New York Yankees. "They work together so smoothly. Fox and Aparicio seem to know each other perfectly. That comes only from playing together over a good period of time."

Where there's a fine double-play combination chances are the pitching will be strong, too. Chicago has the best staff in the league.

"A good double-play combination makes a pitching staff," says Billy

BEST DOUBLE-PLAY MEN OF PAST TWO DECADES ARE SHOWN BELOW (LEFT TO RIGHT): RIZZUTO AND GORDON OF THE YANKEERS.



Pierce, the White Sox ace. "It sure is nice to see Fox and Aparicio behind me when I'm on the mound. Pitchers kid about having an 'atom' ball that goes right at their infielders. Well, with those two guys, you only have to get a batter to hit a ball near them. You know they'll get it. And when you have two like them that can hit, too, that's so much the better."

Aparicio, as leadoff man, and Fox, batting second, are the main sparks of the limited White Sox offense. "They just play to get those two little guys on base," says Casey.

Fox won't hit home runs, but he won't strike out either. With his big bat choked part way up the handle, he guards the plate like a welterweight ready to jab his opponent senseless. If a pitch is outside he punches it to left. If it's inside he slashes it to right. When it's over the middle of the plate he lines it to center. He gets a lot of hits this way. The last two seasons he had the most in the league. He has the most this year, too.

Aparicio doesn't get as many hits as Fox. Who does? But he is on base all the time. This year he has learned to meet the pitch and to wait for walks. On base, as in the field, Aparicio has no equal. He's the most exciting base runner in the league. He leads the majors in stolen bases. He has for the three seasons he's been in the league. "Give him a walk," mutters the harassed Casey Stengel, "and



FAMOUS VERSE made the double-play pair of Joe Tinker (left) and Johnny Evers immortal.

you might as well figure it's a double. He's gonna be on second on the next pitch."

But, for all their skill at getting on base and scoring runs, it is in the field that Fox and Aparicio render their most valuable service.

"The prettiest sight in baseball to a manager," says Al Lopez, "is the double play. It means two outs instead of one. It's as simple as that. You seldom win a pennant without good strength up the middle."

Phil Rizzuto, the former Yankee shortstop, is even more emphatic. "There are no exceptions. You can't win the pennant without a good double-play combination."

Few teams have. World Series his-

tory is alive with the names of adroit double-play makers.

Half a century ago the Chicago Cubs dominated the National League. On that remarkable team were two scrappy infielders, Joe Tinker and Johnny Evers. One day Franklin P. Adams, then on the old *New York Evening Mail*, wrote eight forgotten lines of verse: "These are the saddest of possible words: 'Tinker to Evers to Chance.' Trio of bear Cubs and fleetest than birds, 'Tinker to Evers to Chance.' Ruthlessly pricking our gamelan hubbly, Making a Giant hit into a double— Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble: 'Tinker to Evers to Chance.'"

Tinker and Evers became the most famous double-play unit that ever lived. They were good, all right. The Cubs couldn't have won four pennants without them. But Tinker and Evers couldn't come close to today's double-play men. The style of play has changed. The art of making the double play has increased tremendously in technique and in speed of execution.

Joe Tinker said, many years after the combination had been broken up: "Evers was fast, had a great pair of hands and was smart as a whip. We set double-play records that have been long since broken. But what made us famous was the fact that we played together for so long." That and an eight-line ditty.

When Eddie Collins and Jack Barry

continued

MARION AND SCHOENDIENST OF THE CARDS. BOURDEAU AND GORDON OF THE INDIANS. REESE AND ROBINSON OF THE DODGERS



made up the middle of Connie Mack's "\$100,000 infield," the Philadelphia Athletics won four pennants in five years (1910, '11, '13, '14). The two were outstanding in that period.

Frankie Frisch, as good a double-play man as he was a hitter, played alongside a succession of fine fielding shortstops in the '20s and '30s, and his teams generally won pennants. In 1922 and 1923 his shortstop partner on the New York Giants was Dave Bancroft, and in 1924 Travis Jackson. The Giants won each year. Then, with the St. Louis Cardinals, he teamed with Rabbit Maranville in 1928, Charlie Gelbert in 1930 and 1931 and, finally, Leo Durocher in 1934. These were all pennant-winning years for St. Louis.

The Chicago Cubs had the best double-play unit in the National League, year in and year out, during the '30s. Billy Jurgens at short and Billy Herman at second were quick, smooth and far-ranging. The Cubs won three pennants with them. Knowing baseball men insist that Jurgens and Herman were the best ever around second base. When the Dodgers got Herman in 1941 and put him alongside a young fielding whiz named Pee Wee Reese, Brooklyn won

its first pennant in 21 years. Later Reese and Jackie Robinson formed a double-play partnership and the Dodgers won several more pennants.

Much of the success of the New York Yankees in the past revolved around their superb infield middlemen. Koenig and Lazzeri, Crosetti and Lazzeri, Crosetti and Gordon, Rizzuto and Gordon, Rizzuto and Coleman—these were among the finest of all time.

"Gordon and Coleman were the best second basemen I ever played with," says Rizzuto. "They both had strong wrists and a soft throw that was always in the right spot. They were acrobats and with those strong wrists they could throw from any position. As far as I'm concerned, the second baseman is the most important part of the double play. He has to get the ball going one way, pivot and throw in another direction and get out of the way of the base runner. Coleman and Gordon could do all of that better than anyone else."

In 1948, after Gordon joined up with Lou Boudreau, Cleveland's marvelous shortstop, the Indians won their first pennant in 28 years. "Boudreau and Gordon were the best ever," says Warren Brown, the distinguished Chicago newspaperman who has been watching double plays

and double-play makers for 40 years.

Thirteen years ago, a youngster named Red Schoendienst joined with the graceful Marty Marion to form another outstanding, pennant-winning double-play combination for the St. Louis Cardinals. When Milwaukee got Schoendienst in 1957, he still made the double play better than anyone else in the league. The Braves won their first pennant. They won again the next season.

This year Schoendienst is getting over the effects of tuberculosis and is out of action. It hasn't been the same in Milwaukee without him. Seven different men have been tried at second base, and the Braves have not been able to hold on to the lead.

MISERABLE YANKEES

The New York Yankees, too, aren't as strong around second as they used to be, and this has contributed to their miseries this year. Bobby Richardson is a fine young second baseman who makes first-class plays day in and day out, but he hasn't played with Shortstop Gil McDougald long enough to realize his full potential. And McDougald, bothered by injuries, isn't quite the flawless infielder he was a few years ago.

If Milwaukee manages to get into the World Series, the Braves' makeshift second-base setup will be a rarity in Series annals. And the same holds true in the American League for the White Sox's chief rivals, the Cleveland Indians.

"If Cleveland wins the pennant," says George Kell, "they'll be an exception to the rule. The weakest part of that club is its double-play combination. A team could win without the good double-play, but it has to be lucky. Back in 1943 when I came up to the old Athletics, Mr. Mack used to take me aside and say, 'Look at that Crosetti. He'll never boot a ball when it means something, when a double play is necessary. He'll never get you in a jam.' I think that's the most important thing of all in a double-play combination. Pulling it off in the clutch."

The ability of Fox and Aparicio to do just that—make the big double play at the most propitious moment—is the biggest weapon the White Sox have in their drive to get into the World Series. No other team in the league has anything to compare with these two. Certainly they've helped a team with little power go a long, long way.

END



AWAITING THROW ▶ Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who with Dick Groat (backing up play) forms best National League combination.



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Picnic at Willow Brook

IN A SETTING that might have inspired a painting by Corot, the picnickers at left are savoring the outdoor life near Front Royal, Va., at the country place owned by James Pomeroy Hendrick of Washington, Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. The stone house on the property, known as Willow Brook Farm, was built in 1780. Jim Hendrick and his wife Elinor bought the farm in 1942 as a weekend retreat for themselves and their three children soon after his leaving a law practice in New York to enter government service. Since then the energetic and creative couple have spent as much time as possible shaping the old place to their hearts' desire—establishing lawns and flower beds, planting trees and guiding a mile of stream into picturesque meanderings. The farm's 300 rolling acres have been stocked with polled shorthorn cattle and black-faced Suffolk sheep.

Washington friends whom the Hendricks invite frequently to Willow Brook are apt to find weekend life as active as the landscaping is romantic. The water is jumping with trout for the ready angler, and on the soft green lawns a game of bowling called *coribonnet* is often in play. A favorite pastime of Elinor Hendrick is shooting the rapids of the nearby Shenandoah River in an aluminum canoe. The adventurous guest who goes along can be certain of a ravenous appetite for the picnic luncheon under the willows which the Hendricks enjoy planning in fine weather.

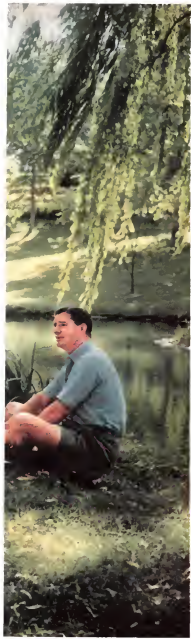
A cloth is spread at some chosen spot along their grassy stream-bank, and delicacies are brought down in courses from the house. One of these alfresco meals on a recent Wednesday afternoon was a delicious soup, green salad, homemade bread, cheese, watermelon, and coffee. Here is the recipe for the first course, an invention of Elinor Hendrick which is simple to make and delightfully refreshing on a warm summer day.

COLD CUCUMBER SOUP (makes 2 quarts, serves 4-6)

Pare, seed and cut up 2 cucumbers (you need 2 cups of cucumber, finely diced). Bring to a boil in a saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Cook gently for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, take 1 can of condensed cream of celery soup and heat into it (with rotary beater) $\frac{1}{2}$ can of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ can of milk. Stir in the hot cooked cucumber and add 1 can of beef consommé. Now beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream. Serve ice-cold with dash of paprika on top.

IN THE SHADE of tall willows which give the name to their Shenandoah Valley farm, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Hendrick (at left) enjoy mint juleps with their guests, Norwegian Ambassador Paul Kohf and his wife, as a prelude to a summer picnic, Virginia style.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe



Glorious autumn in the heart of Canada's vacationland! In all modesty, gentlemen, Manitoba is the land of some of the world's best shooting: Mallards, Canvasbacks, Pintails, Redheads, Golden-eyes, Bluebills and Canada Geese. In northern Manitoba, you can enjoy excellent hunting and fishing in the same outing—the lakes are open this year until October 31! Quick air service to Winnipeg from all major cities; fly-in fishing and hunting a specialty. Informative literature on the subject on request.



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Hasty House likes to go slow

In adapting its European imports to U.S. race tracks, the Hasty House Farm of Billie and Allie Reuben believes in patience. And it has paid off in the most fantastic earnings

THE expansive straightaways and the sweeping, carefully banked turns of the turf course at Chicago's Arlington Park are clogged with heavy traffic these mornings as the nation's best grass horses receive their final preparations toward the rich (\$100,000) and significant Arlington Handicap on August 22.

Sharp-eyed, professionally skilled cloakers, those colorful keepers of a dawning hour when racing stars are made—not born—are paying particular attention to the work of the United Nations contingent representing Hasty House Farm: the Irish-bred Jack Ketch, the English-bred Troubadour II, the Chilean-bred Sarcasmo and the American-bred Ekaha.

Owned by Toledo's Allie and Billie Reuben, Hasty House has enjoyed unusual success in American turf racing—three successive victories in the Arlington Handicap, for example, from 1953 to 1955—largely with horses purchased abroad by 65-year-old Realtor Reuben and brought to a fine edge of condition by 47-year-old Harry Tretsak, one of America's most competent trainers, whose off-course business acumen is almost on a par with that of his astute and affluent employer.

With the notable exception of the world's leading money winner, Round Table, who seems equally at home on dirt or grass (and who is also pointing for the Arlington Handicap), few of America's top horses have been permitted to race on the turf by owners and trainers fearful they may break down on the relatively uneven surface. Nashua, Citation, Native Dancer, Tom Fool, Bold Ruler and other contemporary greats went through their entire careers racing solely on the main dirt course.

Rather, it is the foreign horses,

accustomed to racing on the grass in their native lands and purchased in increasing numbers during recent years by American sportsmen, who have been winning the rich purses established by U.S. tracks on infield turf courses built as a crowd-pleasing novelty.

Reuben, once president of the Toledo Mudhens, who gave Casey Stengel one of his first managerial posts in baseball, is the father of—and the most successful participant in—this comparatively recent trend. Pockets bulging with foreign form charts, extended pedigrees, comparative analyses and other statistical information brought up to date daily by mail, cable, telephone and messenger, the bow-tied Ohioan is a walking library on the performance, quality and value of just about every top-notch Thoroughbred racing anywhere in the world today.

A stuffed briefcase, which accompanies Reuben on his endless travels

throughout the U.S., contains those books and photographs he is unable to jam in his jacket; while in Toledo, at his downtown offices and at his suburban, 60-acre Hasty House Farm, extensive card catalogs are neatly indexed to provide him with even more detailed data on bloodlines, conformation, class and other pertinent background.

"Money is no substitute for knowledge in the purchase of horses," Reuben will tell you. "It is important, for instance, to know not only the horse you intend to buy but also the caliber of the opponents he has been meeting and the prospects of his adaptability to our American racing procedures."

Organized like the State Department, the Reubens' international activities involve not only material published abroad but also personal representatives at most of the major turf centers around the world. Experienced and reputable bloodstock dealers like Frank More O'Ferrall of the Anglo-Irish Agency and France's well-known Godolphin Darley are quick to alert "A.E.R." (Allie E. Reuben) to any opportunities for the

continued



BILLIE (LEFT) AND ALLIE REUBEN STAND PROUDLY WITH THE CRACK OIL CAPITAL

purchase of a crack horse in their locale. After checking their suggestions against his files Reuben makes a decision on further action.

Telephone bills reach astronomical figures when Reuben swings into action as he burns up the transcontinental and transatlantic wires in diligent pursuit of first class racing material, for which he has spent over \$1 million.

Reuben insists on conformation photos and occasionally on film footage showing a horse's action in galloping to determine whether or not the action would be suitable to American tracks. For additional advice on conformation Reuben relies heavily on his wife, once one of America's premier equestriennes. Winner of many honors in the show ring and at hunt meets, Billie Reuben has as sure an eye for fine points or faults in a horse as anyone in racing.

The first foreign-bred the Reubens bought is the best grass horse they've ever owned. Stan, bred in England, was purchased for a sum "in excess of \$30,000" as a 3-year-old in 1953 from the international dealer W. C. Reid.

"It was getting difficult to obtain horses of some established form in this country at a fair price," Reuben recalls. "So when I was advised of this opportunity, I flew from Miami, where we were racing, to a farm near Newark, N.J., where Stan and other horses from England were in quarantine. I bought him shortly after."

Stan went on to earn \$230,850 in the Reubens' blue-and-silversilk, was voted the best grass horse of 1954 when he swept the Arlington, Meadowland and Grassland handicaps, plus other major stakes.

Encouraged by Stan's success, the Reubens proceeded to gather such good ones as the English-bred, French-blooded Mahan, who beat Swaps in the 1956 Arch Ward Memorial and won the 1957 running of the Washington, D.C. International ("Our greatest single thrill in racing"); the Irish-bred Summer Solstice and Stephanos, both of whom triumphed in Hialeah's coveted Bougainvillea Turf Handicap; the Irish-bred Jack Ketch, winner of the rich Canadian Championship last fall; the Argentine-bred speedster Mister Black; and others from France, England, Ireland, Chile, Australia and Argentina.

It should be noted, however, that the Reubens have also raced some fine

American-bred horses. When they came into racing, shortly after the end of World War II, they had moderate luck with yearlings from the sales rings at Keeneland and Saratoga. "Then," Reuben recounts, "we decided to buy 'made' horses on my handicapping; horses we thought we could improve. In 1949 we purchased Seaward and Inseparable from Brookmeade, and they won over \$450,000, most of this in our colors."

Other crack horses owned by the Reubens include the Preakness and Widener winner, Hasty Road ("our best horse"), who earned \$541,402; Oil Capital, a winner of \$580,756



TRAINER Harry Trotsek tends the tack of Hasty House's champion, Hasty Road.

(owned in partnership with Trainer Trotsek); Sea O' Erie (\$497,309); Queen Hopeful (\$365,044); Ruhe (\$294,430); Pistan (\$245,405); and additional clever stakes winners like Alpal, Pomace and Hasty Doll.

Trotsek is the only trainer the Reubens have ever employed. "We were showing and hunting horses in the Detroit area when we decided to come into racing," said Reuben. "We checked into the background of trainers stabled at the Detroit track and found that Harry's care of a horse came closest to the methods we used for our own stock. He had a public stable at the time, and we became one of his several patrons. A few years later, when we expanded our activities, he gave up the horses he had for others (except a few of his own) and has trained solely for us ever since."

Trotsek is considered a master at getting the most out of his horses in

the afternoon with a minimum of effort on their part in the morning. He is also recognized as an outstanding developer of jockeys and is responsible for bringing out such boys as Ken Church, Lois and William Cook and Johnny Sellers.

Trotsek is a serious student of his profession, is as expert a teacher of horses as he is of men. "I'd say that patience is the primary quality a trainer must have," Harry advises, "particularly in dealing with foreign-bred horses. Remember that in Europe and other parts of the world horses are trained in seclusion at a private 'yard' and are only brought to the track for a race. Trainers abroad can take time with their stock, while we in this country must rush through our work each morning because the track closes for harrowing at 10 a.m. In addition, radios blare and automobile horns honk in our stable areas, noises foreign horses are not accustomed to in their private yards. You must have patience until they have had time to become familiar with our way of life."

"There are other differences, of course," Trotsek continued. "They reshoe frequently abroad, using heavy nails, and when foreign-breds come over here we must take time to let them grow a new foot. Many European horses are accustomed to having their stall doors shut completely and I usually start them off with a large screen to give them privacy but permit the air to circulate. And then they must be ridden differently. Foreign jocks neck-rem a lot with a long hold; our boys reach up with a short hold behind their ears. The keynote of our entire operation is patience and understanding. We think we're going about it the right way."

The record book speaks in Trotsek's behalf.

For two weeks the racing public had been vainly hoping for a climactic meeting between the leading 3-year-old fillies—namely, Resaca, Quill and Silver Spoon—for a convincing demonstration of which is best. Yet none of them showed up at the Delaware Handicap a fortnight ago, where the promised meeting was supposed to take place. And last week only Silver Spoon was present at the Monmouth Oaks. Just to muddy the picture further, the C. V. Whitney filly ran a disappointing third in the latter race to Royal Native and Indian Maid in that order.

END



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SWARMS OF GOLD CUP WORSHIPERS CROWD THE SHORES OF LAKE WASHINGTON, SOME WADING OUT INTO HIP-DEEP WATER FOR

Gold Cup madness: the annual

The sober citizens of Seattle go slightly daffy every year when the time comes for the roaring hydros to defend the city's proudest possession—the Gold Cup

IN the early part of August each year an odd kind of euphoria overwhelms the otherwise rational people of Seattle. They start shooting off fireworks. The males put on pirate costumes and wander around town kissing, and occasionally pinching, pretty females. They act out an elaborate capture of the mayor and the chief of police, who act out an equally elaborate surrender of the city.

Then, as the weekend approaches, the people turn and stream down to the shores of Lake Washington. They move by the hundreds of thousands and, as the picture at the top of these pages shows, some of them do not stop at the shore. Like lemmings,

they keep swarming right out into the water. Unlike the lemmings, however, the Seattleites are not trying to destroy themselves, although some of them have come perilously close. They are, instead, getting as close as they can to the No. 1 outdoor passion of all Seattle, the bucking, roaring hydroplanes which on August 9 will race for the Gold Cup, the speedboat championship of the world.

Not long ago the Gold Cup was a bitter intercity battle between Detroit and Seattle. The week-long warmup pageant, with its pirate costumes and other zany antics, was named Seafair week, but in many minds it was really Hate Detroit

week. For the past three years, however, the winning boat has consistently carried the ensign of the Seattle Yacht Club. Seafair week is now strictly for laughs, and the Gold Cup seems to be strictly for Seattle.

Nor is there much likelihood that Seattle will let the cup get away in this year's race. The 1958 champion, *Hawaii Kai* (right), designed by Seattle's own Ted Jones (see page 80), is back to defend her crown. The two top challengers are also Jones's babies—*Maverick* and a brand-new *Miss Thriftway*. Of these three, *Thriftway* is Jones's personal pet. He has drawn her bottom so that the center of lift is close to the center of gravity instead of up forward, as in the older designs. And the curve of her sponsons has been broken into a series of angled planes which Jones feels will eliminate the suction created by the passage of air under the conventional sponson. Finally, Jones has



CLOSER LOOK AT SPEEDING HYDROPLANES THAT THROW UP 30-FOOT ROOSTER TAILS OF SPRAY AS THEY RACE DOWN STRAIGHTAWAY

epidemic

put aboard a tachometer which reads 200 rpm below true engine speed, to insure that her driver, two-time Gold Cup winner Bill Muncey, will push her as hard as she can go. Muncey was told nothing of this, but if he had been, it probably wouldn't have worried him. An utterly fearless type whose only fault is that he sometimes babies his engine, Muncey has made tentative plans to drive a second boat, *Terrificay Too*, in at least the first heat of the Gold Cup. If he can pull off such a stunt—and no one ever has done it—Muncey may find himself pitted against Muncey in the final heat. In this case Willard Rhodes, owner of the two *Terrificays*, would pick a second driver; and Seattle would sit back happily to watch the most joyous—to them—spectacle in sport: a Gold Cup final in which the two leading boats were designed in Seattle, built in Seattle and driven by a Seattle boy. **END**



DEFENDING CHAMPION "HAWAII KAI" STREAKS PAST FLEET OF SPECTATOR YACHTS



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

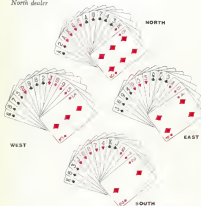
Reservation for Mr. Blackwood

WHILE THERE appears to be a wide range between the modest bid of one club and the ultimate high of seven no trump, there are, in fact, only 35 possible bids—excluding such calls as pass and double. To the average player this affords plenty of room to roam, and he is entirely willing to fence off one of these bids—the one labeled Four No Trump—as the exclusive preserve of Mr. Blackwood. Any time the auction enters that particular area, it signals a call for aces.

There is much to be said for this policy on the grounds of both constancy and simplicity. To the expert, however, a mere 35 notes is a none-too-ample bidding scale, and he is loath to dedicate any one to a single use.

The following hand features the partnership employment of a four no-trump bid, not as part of a convention requesting a display of aces but in its natural sense. Observe how North-South put it into operation.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	4♠	PASS
4NT	PASS	6♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: diamond jack

North's opening bid of one club elicited from South a bid of one heart, a response as pleasant as it was unexpected. That it was expedient to explore slam possibilities became at once apparent, and the method chosen by North was a jump shift. A jump in a new suit in this sequence of bids demands a game and at the same time suggests that a slam may be around the corner.

There is a certain risk in these fake bids in a higher-ranking suit since partner may raise the second suit with distressing enthusiasm. North felt constrained to run this risk. If South raised spades with any degree of violence, North's general strength assured a reasonably safe retreat into a high no-trump contract.

The important consideration was to make the slam suggestion before the game level had been passed. Trying for slam at the level of five is a practice which should be avoided wherever the situation will permit.

Observe what North's bidding did for South's holding. What a moment before had been a hand of mere average strength now blossomed forth by reason of the promoted black-suit holdings. The two kings were now the equivalents of aces.

On the second round South chose to return to three clubs, convinced that this action would tend to allay any fears partner might have about the complexion of his first-bid suit. North then jumped to four hearts, and South's bid of four spades, with hearts definitely established as trumps, was an attempt to announce the king of that suit.

Then came the pivotal bid of the deal: North's four no-trump call, which was not intended as a request for aces. (Had North wished to ask for aces, he would have done so on an earlier round.) It was meant to be a natural bid advertising a quick diamond stopper.

North was unwilling to contract for slam himself for fear that a diamond opening through the king might yield two fast tricks to the enemy. Possession of the queen of diamonds made it clear to South that only one diamond trick could be lost since partner was marked with the king. So South contracted for six hearts.

EXTRA TRICK

In long-established partnerships, it makes good sense to get maximum mileage out of every bid. Nevertheless, I make it a rule to treat every four no-trump bid as asking unless I have positive knowledge to the contrary. In the rare cases where this may be wrong, it will cost far less than those ghastly incidents when partner is left in a four no-trump contract that meets neither his intention nor the shape of his hand.

END

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pletely capable of going at turnpike speeds all day long. Moreover, it does it on a medium of fuel; most owners get from 28 to 35 miles per gallon.

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TRISH GALVIN

HORSE SHOW / *Alice Higgins*

Three girls for the Grand Prix

They can muster only 59 years among them, but in the exacting field of dressage they are the newest medal-hunters for the U.S. at the Pan American Games

CAPABLE practitioners of the classical art of dressage—human and equine—are as rare in this country as the whooping crane. It takes about five to seven years, according to most estimates, to produce a genuine Grand Prix horse. As for riders, few will forecast the time it might take to train them; but the trio of young ladies pictured above—Karen McIntosh, Jessica Newberry and Patricia Galvin—may well have set a new standard themselves. Young as they are, they have just been selected over three male rivals to represent the U.S. in the Pan American Grand Prix de Dressage tests.

Newest of the newcomers is Trish Galvin, a 20-year-old from Santa Barbara, the first American girl ever to finish a Three Day Event, that exacting combination of elementary dressage, cross-country riding and jumping (SI, Sept. 30, '87). But in international competition the Three Day team is not open to women, despite the fact that the girls have been finishing well up in the money at various regional tests throughout the country. Because the dressage team is wide open to any amateur of 18 or over,

Trish "converted." Like her other two teammates, she has had the help of a ghost rider, an expert coach, who in Trish's case was Major Henri St. Cyr, the Olympic dressage winner in both 1952 and 1956. Furthermore, when Trish rode forth into the selection trials at Westport, Conn. she had two horses at her disposal: Juli, St. Cyr's medal-winning horse which Trish now owns; and Rath Patrick, an Irish horse which had been on the Canadian Olympic team. She finished first with Rath Patrick.

Jessica Newberry, a 20-year-old from Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., had the benefit of equally high-powered coaching. For the past 14 months she has been studying in Germany with Mrs. Luselott Linsenhoff, bronze medal winner in 1956. Jessica, with her German stallion, Forstrat, and her Lipizzaner, Plutony, has been competing in the top European dressage competitions and on one occasion even placed higher than her mentor.

Karen McIntosh, the 19-year-old from Bedford Village, N.Y. who is the new team's third member, took her two German-bred horses home from the Fairfield hunt club for a

final coaching session with Richard Waetjen, who was specially imported from Germany to instruct her.

The Three Day team, recently selected after the Pebble Beach trials, will also have its share of imported horses. Michael Page, the winner, rode The Grasshopper, a onetime Irish Olympic horse now owned by Trish Galvin's father, John Galvin. Walter Staley finished third on another of John Galvin's Irish imports, Sebastian, behind Claudia Frisbie (who, of course, was ineligible for the team). Bill Haggard and Michael Plumb, fourth and fifth, made up the rest of the team.

Jeb Wofford, the Milford, Kans. rider who has had so many disputes with the U.S. Equestrian Team members and mentors, did not qualify for lack of mounts. One of his horses broke its jaw just before the Pebble Beach event, and the other went lame after the first day. Wofford thereupon left for an indefinite stay in England.

The jumping team for the Games was already selected, of course, last fall. Since then, Billy Steinkraus, Hugh Wiley, Frank Chapot and George Morris have been doing well in Europe. Hugh Wiley covered himself with glory by winning practically everything—including the King George V Cup for the second year in a row and the Saddle of Honor—the first American ever to do so. **END**



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Tip from the Top

Keeping square from start to finish

EVERYBODY seems to have a different idea as to how the club face works going back and then forward. I used to think of shutting it on the backswing and working it from shut to open on the hitting stroke. More recently, I have discarded this idea and have been going with a different conception—and I have been hitting the ball much straighter than before and doing this much more easily.

The key to the approach I use now is to try to visualize, feel and maintain my club face so that it will be squarely parallel to my intended line of flight at three very important stages of the swing: halfway back, at the top, and halfway through the follow-through. For myself, it is easier to reach these positions with the club face squarely parallel if I think there is a wall behind me that is parallel to the line of flight. That wall is my point of reference. When I work with this thought in mind, I find that my hips and my club face close and later open at the same time. That's one of the reasons why Snead is so great and also so pretty to watch—everything is opening and closing together, in concert.

At address you want the back of your left hand to be squarely perpendicular to the line of flight. During the swing, you want that other type of squareness where the club face is squarely parallel to the line of flight at the points I mentioned. It puts you in wonderful positions throughout your whole swing and makes your impact solid and sweet.



NEXT TIP: Wiff Smith on balance and the four-wood

ROSENZONN

continued from page 22

YOUR PAST ACTIVITIES AND OUR FUTURE PLANS.

When I received it, I was literally dumfounded. I couldn't believe it. Vincent J. Velella had, for no apparent reason, decided to make a power play and grab control of my corporation. He was not satisfied with profit participation. Charley Black's support had evidently been enlisted. All of a sudden I was at war with the people I had taken in as partners, people who had contributed nothing but headaches.

Velella's next move was to send me the following letter on July 17:

"The undersigned, a director and representing in excess of 50% of the capital stock of Rosenzonn Enterprises, Inc., hereby requests and demands that a special meeting of stockholders be held in accordance with the attached notice not later than Friday, July 31, 1959. . ."

The next move was even a more dramatic and daring maneuver. Velella joined forces with Irving Kahn, my old nemesis from TelePrompTer. Together they embarked on a sudden and unannounced trip to Sweden. Their mission? Simple. To sabotage me with the two men upon whom I was counting most for support. They went to poison me in the minds of Ingemar and Eddie Ahlquist. In Sweden after their visit, I learned that Kahn and Velella were not the least bit bashful about making all sorts of statements about my character, reputation and promotional ability. Before I left for Sweden I had been told by a newspaperman that Kahn and Velella were on an unholy mission and was advised to leave right away; I didn't change my scheduled date of departure. I still had faith, great faith, in Ingemar and Eddie. They knew only too well what I had gone through to make possible the title fight. They appreciated, I felt, the many obstacles which had to be surmounted. I arrived in Sweden and spent two days with Eddie. Ingemar was concluding a series of exhibitions. No doubt the Kahn-Velella mission had done its intended damage—namely, the creation of confusion in the mind of Ingemar. No doubt, too, my faith in Ingemar and Eddie was not misplaced. These men were not the glibble foreigners that Kahn and Velella had expected to find. These men did not

swallow everything that had been uttered to them. Instead, they wanted to hear my side of the story. They believed in me. They did not believe in the things they were told by Kahn and Velella.

After a long, exhaustive and exhausting three days, Ingemar and Eddie reaffirmed their faith in me. They understood my position. They knew why things had happened in this peculiar way. This, in itself,

people who surrounded him remain quiet for a very short two-month period. Had there been no plots, no underhanded schemes, no attempted sabotage, the rematch between Floyd and Ingemar would now be a certainty.

Instead it is presently shrouded in doubt, all kinds of doubt. Ingemar has indicated that he will not consider the rematch until he has been given a satisfactory statement of the



ROSENZONN'S HOLY CARD in boxing's power-play poker game is his friendship with the heavyweight champion, Johansson (left), and Ingemar's adviser, Eddie Ahlquist.

more than atoned for the misery I had suffered. I had believed in a boy and a man. They had believed in me.

Ambition and unprincipled greed had been unable to change this mutual faith and trust.

I will not take these moves on the part of my recently declared enemies lying down. This I promise. I will take all possible and proper remedial action. However, in all of this I think of one person who has suffered, perhaps irreparably, one boy who has been victimized by the Machiavellian maneuvers of the people that surround him. I think of Floyd Patterson, former champion of the world. I think of the boy of whom I'm very fond. I think of the boy who might have had a return bout and a chance to redeem himself in a very simple manner—with his fists.

All that was required was that the

monies due him from TelePrompTer for the radio, television and movies of the last fight. After this problem is cleared up there may well be other, even more serious problems. After all Kahn and Velella did plant doubts in the mind of Ingemar Johansson—doubts not about me but doubts about the character and integrity of TelePrompTer and of Vincent J. Velella.

I hope, for the sake of the two fighters, for the sake of boxing fans throughout the world, that the rematch takes place. I promise that never again will I compromise in so many ways to achieve any end, even though I will always be grateful, as will Ingemar Johansson, that I saw fit during the last promotion to give so much to make possible one of the most important victories in modern sport.

END



PRIVATE LIFE OF A FORWARD PASSER



A few days hence, football fans from coast to coast will be watching the first major contest of the coming season when the College All-Stars play the pro champion Baltimore Colts in Chicago. They will be paying particular attention to the performance of the All-Stars' passing quarterback, the famous Lee Grosscup, All-American from the University of Utah and No. 1 draft choice for the New York football Giants last season. It will be Grosscup's final appearance as a college player; then he will join the Giants, where he is expected to add new life and vigor to an aging backfield.

It might well be supposed that in the head of a young man like Grosscup football is predominant, first, last and all the time. A player on various college teams (University of Washington and Santa Monica Junior College) before he hit stardom at Utah, Grosscup is a fast, alert and aggressive back

on the playing field, as the picture above shows. Off the field, however, he is a quiet, pleasant, well-mannered youth who seems, if anything, somewhat shy (left). And in his mind football shares a place with, of all things, a secret urge to write.

Some time ago at a New York cocktail party Grosscup confided this unexpected ambition to a new-found friend, Murray Olderman, a feature writer for the NEA syndicate. Olderman's answer was simple and straightforward: if you want to write, write to me. The result was a correspondence that began early last year and still continues. In his letters Grosscup wrote down anything and everything that preoccupied him at the moment. Taken together, they provide one revealing answer (not necessarily a typical one) to the question: What goes on in the head beneath the helmet of an All-American football player at the height of his youthful fame?

by **LEE GROSSCUP**

January 15, 1958

I GUESS I didn't tell you I was planning to write a novel, but that's not unusual because I didn't decide until recently that I wanted to write one. But now I feel I must. Something is alive inside me and I'm burning to release it. This story is not good writing, in fact I've never written anything that I consider good, but someday I will write something good. I'm sure of that. Right now I'm trying to improve my writing by reading. I'm reading everything from Aeschylus to Sherwood Anderson. I just finished reading *The Nick Wane*, a recent bestseller by Eugene Burdick. It's a very powerful

book and the structure and characters are comparable to my envisioned novel. I've really made up my mind that I want to be a literary man, but next to literature I lean toward some form of vocal communication; acting, public speaking, radio, TV, etc. I'm minor in speech.

It looks sure now that we will lose Curtice ("Caetus Jack" Curtice, Utah University's head coach) to Stanford, and the official announcement could break any minute. He's already told me in so many words that he's leaving. I sure hate to see him go. I have a chance to sign with the Toronto Argonauts in Canada for a sizable amount of money, but I

doubt that I'll do it even with Curtice leaving. Education is the main thought right now. Money will come later. Besides, my teammates elected me co-captain for next season and I feel an obligation to them also. The people here in Utah have treated me great and I'm even going with a Mormon girl who I might end up marrying. However, I'm an agnostic and we're having problems there.

February 8, 1958

WELL, I met our new coach Ray Nagel and he really is a great guy. He took me out to dinner last week and talked to me because he

continued

heard that I was considering some Canadian pro offers. I assured him that I intended to stay here at Utah. I'll have to learn the movements of a split-T quarterback, but Mr. Nagel assured me we'd be doing plenty of passing. I think we'll have a fabulous team next season because the spirit among the players is really great and we've got a good crop of lettermen returning.

February 23, 1958

AT PRESENT I'm really up to my ears in books and since I'm not taking any writing courses this quarter, I've kinda gotten out of the swing of things. As I may have told you, I'm carrying 18 units this quarter, including French 2, and I'm working 20 hours a week at a clothing store here in Salt Lake. And, of course, every spare moment I'm throwing that old pigskin and trying to learn how to run the option play so that when Nagel gets up here I won't look like a complete rookie. I ran the split-T when I was a freshman at Washington so I'm really not completely new at the system.

So many things have been happening lately that my creative instincts have really been aroused. I've been scribbling all kinds of notes down and adding them to my file. In my English class this quarter I'm doing a term paper on Hemingway and being rather impressionistic. I'm afraid that old Ernest is putting words in my mouth.

I get along just fine with nearly everyone at Utah and have no complaints whatsoever. Of course there are some "doubters" and some "sour grapes," but thank God for them. The doubters are the ones that keep me going. Hell, yes, you've got to prove yourself over and over again in life and it's so damn satisfying to think back and laugh at the doubters. And you don't have to say "I told you so." Oh, no!

I hate people who are outwardly smug and arrogant. But if one can appear humble and yet know inwardly that he's got the world by the tail, then he's sitting pretty.

I have two tests tomorrow and I plan to stay up all night tonight studying. I've been drinking coffee, and every time I drink coffee excessively my mind catches fire and I feel like writing down everything that comes into my mind. Some nights

after I drink coffee I lay awake for hours and can remember things that happened to me when I was only 2 years old. It's amazing how a non-powerful drug like caffeine can have such an effect on me.

April 2, 1958

I WENT home to California for a week between quarters. Sure enjoyed myself in California; went to the beach every day and played volleyball with my Dad. The ocean was pretty warm for this time of the year and I enjoyed body surfing and splashing about in the blue Pacific. Hated to leave California, but in a way I'm glad to be back in Salt Lake. The people here really treat me great and I've made some real close friends here in "Mormonville."

I came out with a B average last quarter, which wasn't had considering that I was carrying 18 hours, working part time and had a winter football class two days a week. This quarter I'm carrying 17 hours, working part time and will be playing football full time starting next week. Yep! Football is here again. Seems like I just got out of that damn uniform and now here I am back donning my cleats again. Spring practice only lasts 20 days though, and actually I'm looking forward to learning Nagel's system. The split-T is a real challenge to me. Who knows, I may turn into a "running" back yet.

All I've learned to say of interest in French is: "*Mou Cherie, vas-tu faire coucher avec moi,*" and what the hell, I knew how to say that before I even took French 1. Oh, well *C'est la vie!*

April 22, 1958

I SHALL briefly bring you up to date on the latest developments in the life of "split-T" Grosscup, the running, blocking, tackling, bone-bruising quarterback, who originally made the grade as a passer. It's not quite that bad, but Nagel has been sticking pretty much to basic stuff and my right arm has spent more time hitting dummies, blocking, tackling and throwing "shivers" than passing. However, these last few days Nagel has added some "flanker" plays and it looks like the aerial circus may be back in town before spring ball winds up May 10. I'm throwing a more accurate pass than last fall and my ball handling and running have improved considerably (out of necessity).

I'm taking a beginning acting class



LEE ATCH had already won proficiency as a passer by constant backyard practice.

this quarter which ties in with my speech minor, and I've really got the bug for dramatics lately. My professor has encouraged me and he seems to think I might have possibilities as an actor. I've always been kind of a "bad actor" anyway, and now at least I'll have an excuse for my behavior.

School has ended as Grosscup pens this next letter; he is home in Santa Monica after a (to him) rather unsatisfactory spring season. The varsity was beaten by the "alums" in the annual alumni game; the split-T still worries him. For the moment, however, vacation claims him for its own:

June 14, 1958

THESE ocean breezes are the only word and I'll have to admit that I haven't started to work yet. Just couldn't resist being a beach bum for a week. So far I have several opportunities jobwise. Have a chance to work in the studios in Hollywood doing bit parts or construction work in downtown Los Angeles or writing for the local newspaper here in Santa Monica. The last idea is probably best although it pays the least money. I'd like working for the paper because I'd have afternoons off for volleyball and surfing at the beach. The Hollywood deal could be big but it's unpredictable. So while I'm thinking about all the places I could be working, the hot California sunrays are baking my



LEE AT 20 had developed into one of the most accurate passers in the game.

body, and my skin has become a lovely copper color. I may just think about work all summer. I wish!

I am interested in writing professionally as soon as my amateur athletic days are over. That will be December 6, 1958. After that things should pick up for me financially, assuming that I have a good year and sign with the pros. Also, I've got a deal going with Spalding footballs regarding endorsement which could net me a couple extra "G's" a year. Money! Bah, humbug! It's so damn silly, but we need it just the same. I'd like to just live on the beach and never have to worry about money.

Say, did I tell you I was in a play at school this last quarter? It was a one-acter by Tennessee Williams called *Moony's Kid Don't Cry*. I had the lead and played the part of Moony, a big albino who was formerly a lumberjack but who has got his wife pregnant and is living in a little shack and working in a factory handling nuts and bolts. It's a great play and I really enjoyed acting the part of Moony. I love acting and I'll have to admit that my suppressed desire has always been to be an actor.

I've got a lot of work ahead of me this summer. Gotta do lots of running and need to increase my body weight in preparation for the long grind starting September 1. I know that a lot of teams will be pointing

for me this fall and I know also that the only thing for me to do is prepare myself physically and mentally so that I can last through the grind. "A coward dies thousands of times before his death; men of valor die but once . . ." etc., etc., etc. Enough Shakespeare for now. I'll save that for my English teacher.

The split-T is great but it will never equal a pro-type offense in my book. I think I'm going to surprise people as a runner this fall. I had a lot of success in spring drills running with the ball, and Nagel told me I far exceeded his expectations as a runner. In our spring game I was the leading ball carrier for the night, which was a rather different feeling after being the worst ball carrier in the land last season. Our team for this coming season is really green, and I'd say we were hurt by graduation as much as any team in America. We'll be lucky to win half our games. The line is decidedly lacking in experience. But I'm a cockeyed optimist and can't help thinking we'll be tough and wind up in the Orange Bowl or something. I'll always be a dreamer, I guess. Deep down that is. In my normal pattern of living I'm inclined to be a pessimist.

July 3, 1958

WELL, the playgrounds have now opened up and next week I'll start getting in shape for the rugged fall campaign. I've got some local high school flashes who I'm coaching to be future All-Americans. I don't get any money for it but they have good-looking mothers who invite me over to dinner occasionally.

July 9, 1958

HAVE done lousy in the early volleyball tournaments but expect to start finishing in the money soon. I'm always a few months behind these guys who play volleyball all winter and spring. That sand requires a different type of timing. Started throwing the FB last night and the old arm is still in fair shape. Bought a bicycle today as I am through with cars temporarily. Cycling should get my legs in shape. I'm going to become a fanatic from now on. "In bed every night at 9, up every morning at 7, no liquor, no babes, no nothin'."

July 24, 1958

THIS office is all right [Lee is now writing sports for the Santa Monica *Outlook*] but I've kinda got the itchy foot to get going back to

those mountains and throwing that ball in the good ozone. Been passing and kicking every night at the playground and my legs feel stronger than they did last year at this time. I'm hoping to have a better punting average this fall.

What you said in one of your earlier letters about my being a "marked man" this fall is really starting to dawn on me. I realize that my days are numbered and must spend every spare minute preparing for a grueling campaign. I just hope I can last 11 games without getting hurt. The statistics will take care of themselves. Last season I was never conscious of the stats too much—mostly just worrying about winning and staying in one piece.

A bunch of new apartments have gone up in the neighborhood, and all kinds of airline hostesses have moved in along with some local working girls. A few parties are naturally in order to break up the monotony of sunbathing, water skiing, surfing and volleyball. Went water skiing for the second time the other day and really enjoyed it. Improving by leaps and bounds.

Back at Utah for his final season, Lee starts working out in earnest. But his optimism is slowly changing to apprehension; things are not what they used to be, and the new regime is now definitely not to his liking:

August 28, 1958

I've worked out in 100° weather here in S.L. the last two days and my legs feel pretty good. Been running the stadium steps. That uphill grind is tough. Arm feels pretty good and my punting is better this year than last. I'm weighing 189-185 which is 5 to 7 pounds heavier than last season. I've seen all the coaches, and I hate to say it but it looks like it is going to be a long season. None of these guys have Curtice's personality and they are very cold and businesslike with all the players. Jim Owens was that way at Washington last year, and he won one game.

I'll have to admit that there is some distance between Nagel and I. We've had two meetings since I came back and our relations seem quite strained. He's already cut off two provisions which came with my original scholarship and I let him know that I wasn't happy about it. He wants to bring me down for some reason and I can't quite go along with his philosophy. Well, if he's gonna be the big

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businessman, I can play that game too, but what the hell, why do guys have to be that way? Why aren't there more guys around like Jim Sutherland and Jack Curtice? Don't mind me—football coaches are my pet peeve. This makes seven of them in the last seven years. Thank God I'm majoring in English and am not planning to be one. I don't think I could live with myself or anyone else for that matter.

I've had shoulder trouble this summer—seems I picked up a calcium deposit on the right shoulder after I got KOed in our Thanksgiving Day game last season and I've been getting cortisone shots to clear it up. Had one of those shots just a couple days before the clinic and I wasn't winging that ball with a loose arm, which to me is the whole secret of throwing—the looser the better. I appreciate your compliment about my leadership ability and I have always felt that this was my best quality as a quarterback. I've always felt confident that I could move the ball on any team I've played for. I think the guys have a lot of confidence in me too. Confidence is a wonderful thing—I owe so much to Mom and Dad for always building up my confidence. I used to lack confidence when I was younger.

October 14, 1958

BEEN running into nothing but trouble this season. No receivers, no pass patterns, no nothin'. I might set a record for passes dropped this year, but that will be about the only record available for me in '58. I'm still in contention in the stats though and this is some consolation. I really feel that I'm passing better than ever but there just aren't any ball hawks on this club. Oh well, it's still fun and I'm glad I have the chance to play.

Injurywise I'm still having rib trouble thanks to Nagel's wonderful split-T offense. He says he doesn't believe in practising passing—says it's the QB's responsibility to come out before practice and throw on his own. But as soon as we get two TDs behind he expects me to go in and pull him out of the fire.

You were sure right about the teams pointing for me. Every time I come in the game guys on the other team start shouting: "Here's Bambi, here is our All-American boy—let's get him." It's flattering in a way but

it sure makes the going tougher. Especially with an inexperienced line in front of me.

I enjoyed your story in *Sport* on Anderson and Dawkins and was thrilled by the article on me. It was the best story I've seen about myself. Dad went wild over it. I'm taking some philosophy this quarter along with more acting and English. Got a good schedule. Talked to Cactus Jack when I was in Berkeley this last weekend and he is having his troubles too. He said that he was looking forward to the East-West Shrine game when we could get together again. That will be a real pleasure. As for me I'm counting the days till our December 6 game with Hawaii in the Islands. I've got some contacts over that way and it should be a riotous stay. Got to cut now.

December 19, 1958

SCHOOL'S out and tomorrow I depart for Frisco to prep for the East-West game. That should be a few laughs with my old dad Pappy Jack calling the shots. My shoulder still hurts but Curtice told me on the phone that if I could throw the "shovel pass" to come on along because I'd be doing him a favor. Quite a guy the "Cacti"—can't think of anyone more fun to play for.

There doesn't seem to be anything permanent wrong with my shoulder but the pain is still hanging on when I throw and I probably won't be throwing like my old self again till next season. Nothing makes me madder than not being able to throw a football to my full capacity. I think I derive some psychological release from throwing a football because I remember that when I was younger, whenever I was depressed about something I'd go out in the backyard or over to the playground and just throw by myself at targets I'd rig up and dream of the day when I'd be throwing before thousands of fans and completing passes at will. I think the most important phase of being a good passer is repetition. The more you throw the better you get, etc. I know there have been times when I've thrown more than 2,000 passes in a single day. I love to throw a football more than anything in the world and when I can't throw it really bugs me out. How's that for a profound literary statement!

The 1958 season was not the best for me injurywise. Prior to my shoulder injury I had a sprained ankle, an

infected toe and of course you know about the broken ribs early in the season. Coach Nagel and I definitely had our differences this season, but I do not hold any grudge against the man. He ran the squad the way he felt was best in his own mind and stuck to his principles. I just didn't fit in well with his plans regarding ball-control football. I'm a passer and gambler by nature. In junior college I once threw on fourth and 34 in my own territory and got the first down. Nagel doesn't buy this type of thinking. He has it down in black and white that if you play the percentages you'll win in the long run. What he forgets, I feel, is that with human beings (mortals) playing the game percentages often go haywire.

I definitely feel that if I had it to do over again I would have jumped to the Canadian League and played with the Toronto Argonauts in 1958. However, I'm glad in a way that I stayed at Utah because I feel that a person often learns more through adversity than through prosperity and this season I was confronted with a great deal of adversity. Nagel's favorite trick was to toss me in the game on third and 12 and tell me to throw a straight drop back pass. I always came through for him but it seemed to no avail because I'd wind up sitting on the bench again as soon as we were out of trouble. I like being a troubleshooter though and I like pressure. I think the true test of a person's character is how well he reacts to pressure. Pressure can tie a person in knots or it can bring out his most admirable qualities. I've always liked to think of myself as being a good pressure player but I don't know if this will hold up in the future. Pro football holds a greater number of variables than I've had to face in college ball and how well I make out in the pros depends a lot on how well I can adapt to my new environment—say I sound like a sociologist now!

I guess I told you that Hawaii was the end. It might not be heaven but it's close to the city limits. The waves at Waikiki break out over a mile and your old dad was cutting some pretty crazy capers on the surfboard. Bumped into one of my highschool friends from California over there and we proceeded to take the island by storm. In all it was a fantastic venture and what a treat to come back and head for New York the following weekend. Incidentally thanks for

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lining me up with all the "freeloaders." I haven't learned how to hitch yet, but that will come with experience.

Impressions on the N.Y. Giant football players: Great bunch! Fine gentlemen, very spirited, close knit, good drinkers, great physical specimens. When I first walked into the N.Y. dressing room and saw Roosty Brown [Roosevelt Brown, tackle] undressing I almost turned around and walked out for good. I was about to tell Wellington Mara [the club secretary] that he couldn't offer me enough to play in company that size. But when I saw Heinrich and Conerly [Quarterbacks Don Heinrich and Charles Conerly], I was relieved to find that they were more my size. Harland Svare [defensive end] is an indictment to the unhappily married of America. Imagine: 28 years old, good-looking, talented and still single. How has he done it? He is my new idol. Of course Cliff Livingston [linebacker] falls in the same category.

As I told you, *West Side Story* was marvelous and it was a great thrill to see my first Broadway show. I plan to see many, many more.

Murray, this pro football is the greatest challenge of my life. I want to make good so bad I can taste it. I'm going to hit the weights in the off season and bulk up so I can take the punishment those big burly linemen have to dish out. I can't wait to throw my first pass to Frank Gifford, Kyle Rote and Alex Webster. Those guys are fantastic receivers.

As for school, I guess I'll have to come back and get my degree after the season because I don't see how I can possibly graduate in June. I've lost too many credits by transferring around. I hope to continue studying dramatics. The future holds a great deal for me and I'm excited about the prospect of pro ball. It's great to feel this way because now I have something to work for, and like I've said: "You've gotta have a dream."

By the time of his next letter, a fortnight later, football had been, temporarily at least, completely obliterated from Lee's mind by the impact of another event. Although he completed 14 out of 26 passes for his old friend Coelett Jack in the Senior Bowl (an All-Star college game played annually in Mobile, Ala., by players who are college athletes who have completed their eligibility and are paid for playing), this

performance was eclipsed by what he did immediately after the game:

January 5, 1959

GUESS what? I'm engaged—yeh, me the wandering bachelor. Boy, I really lost my head in a weak moment and blew my entire Senior Bowl cheek on a diamond ring. Wow! Still can't get over it. Just think, I'm giving up all the bliss of bachelorhood and plunging into the state of holy matrimony! I know: "Marriage is an institution and they look people up in institutions," but gee, I'm in love and they say love conquers all. I've been fighting it for a year now, but finally I find that this gal (Sue Hancock is her name) is too much to fight. She's just the livin' end, that's all. Beautiful face, healthy body, talented, athletic, artistic and she loves me. And I love her too much for words.

I'm happy as hell to be home, engaged and using Ponds or however that silly commercial goes. See what I mean about being punchy. The post-season games were a million laughs and I loved traveling around, eating good and seeing so many new and exciting faces. The Senior Bowl game was great fun and I loved playing behind that big line and running a pro offense. Really gave me a world of confidence and I think I'm going to love pro football more than anything. Just think, no more defense, optioning huge ends or throwing cross-body blocks with my bony ribs. Just pass, hand off, call signals and run only when I absolutely have to. Let's hope the Giants don't adopt the split-T starting next year.

Bumped into Otto Graham in Atlanta and he wants me on his College All-Star squad this summer and, if he meant what he says, that could be very nice. My arm will be back in top shape by then and I'll be "whipping" that ball again (pro coaches call it "driving" the ball, I call it "whipping." "Driving," "whipping," votes da difference?). At any rate I haven't been "driving" or "whipping" the ball since my injury and I'm looking forward to the time when I can once more put the "magic touch" on the ball. Notice how I'm dropping all these cute phrases on you tonight? See, Murray, I'm becoming affected. Success is spoiling "Rock Grosscup." I've even become aware of all the nicknames since I've been at Utah. I've been called "The man with the golden arm," "Bamba," "The slender

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splinter" (counterpart of my baseball idol Ted Williams who is the "splendid splinter" and sometimes "spitter") and I've been referred to as the "gross" output of Utah's football team. See, Murray, it's going to my head. Just so no one calls me "late for dinner" I don't really care, and I don't care what people say about me just as long as they keep talking. Yes, egomania is definitely setting in—within six months I'll be in Hollywood if this keeps up. Save me Dr. Olderman from this life of possible debauchery. Boy, I must be in love, or drunk, or something.

So that about wraps up the latest on your frustrated finger for a while since I've once more typed myself into oblivion in the wee small hours of the morning and if I'm going to hit the weights tomorrow I must proceed to Sarkville.

January 22, 1959

THINGS are looking up here in the Salt Lake Valley as the Gross has wrangled another caper. Pick up on this: I'm getting my own TV show. Yeh, I start February 2 with a new five-minute sports program four nights a week at 10:25 over KSL-TV (Channel 5). Good experience and lots of jack for the short time involved. Don't know my exact salary as yet but \$200 a month looks like a possible starter. My fiancée makes quite a bit of loot as a model and window trimmer and my future father-in-law is quite an operator with lots of angles going. We may make it to Hawaii yet.

See where the Bears drafted my boy John Adams (remember the big back from L.A. State who worked out in the clinic with me this summer?), I was hoping the Giants would grab him. Glad to see N.Y. picked up Overton Curtis—great boy and on a good club could really turn out to be a ringer. [*Ed. note:* This information turned out to be erroneous; Curtis was in fact drafted by the Pittsburgh Steelers.] He's been the best breakaway back in the Skyline for the past two seasons despite injuries.

Been getting quite a few fan letters from N.Y. kids and am really impressed with the young sports enthusiasts in the East. Much more informed than the kids out West.

A great change has occurred in Lee's life by the time he pens this next letter.

He has taken a trip to Las Vegas; he has lost \$200 while Sue has won \$150; he has taken an apartment off the Utah campus and dropped his roller classes in favor of concentrating on sportswriting and his TV show; in short, Lee is a husband!

March 14, 1959

WELL, pardner, here I am, an old married man. Sleepers, robe, television, etc.—disgusting! I didn't know how good I had it. Once you're married it's a fight every day just to stay above water. Women are irrational, that's all there is to it. Completely unfit to live with. But how in the hell are we gonna get along without them?

As for me, looks like I won't be able to graduate this June as originally planned. Not enough hours. Have to come back in 1960. So I've dropped most of my classes and right now I've got one thing in mind—making money. If you have any suggestions, fill me in. Dad isn't working and I'm trying to help him any way possible. TV show is going great and I'm writing lots of material for the *Deseret News*. Wife is modeling and decorating windows. We're trying hard to save all the money possible for any future additions.

I wrote a short story recently which I'll send along soon. It's called *A World of His Own* and it's strictly me. I enjoyed writing it very much.

Guess that bit you threw in about me and Otto didn't hurt cause I got my bid to play in the College All-Star game the other day and I've already accepted and got permission to break the story. Should be quite a task trying to whip those Colts.

Threw the ball the other day and the old arm feels like it used to. Got the "whip" back.

Guess Sue and I will leave for the Coast in June before I cut to All-Star camp July 23. Can't wait to play volleyball and surf again. I miss the ocean so damn much sometimes I can't stand it. Funny when you're away from it how totally important it becomes. A symbol of everything that's good and right in this world.

My brother Steve will be graduating from high school this June and he's really made a fine record for himself at Samohi. He's finally coming out of his shell a little bit and I'm proud of him. I hope I can make enough money in this pro racket to help with his schooling. Money, that's all I think about lately!

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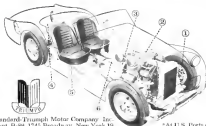
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April 11, 1959

ONE of your earlier letters got me psyched and I've taken to the slopes. Yea man, the ski bug has got me as last. Spring skiing here in Utah is the most and I've already got a summer tan. The reflection of those rays off that white snow is just too much, dad. So far I've broken a ski, split a pair of pants and taken umpteen million spills but still no broken bones. I'm just too rugged I guess. But you were right. This is the end! I think I like it even better than surfing. Incredible, no?

I'm not in school this quarter as the university cut off my scholarship because of one of those crazy NCAA rulings. I told them to forget it. I think I'll wind up getting my degree at UCLA or some other school in Calif. Curtice hinted that he might give me an assist at Stanford if I'd like to finish there and maybe help him in the spring. Ol' Curtus Jack is

still my beat agent and yet I hardly ever see him. What a great guy.

May 7, 1959

IN answer to your question of flipping the football, I've been throwing that old pigskin around nearly every night and I'll be playing for the alumni in our spring game here May 15. The old alumni will be playing Nagel's varsity, and I want to beat Nagel so bad I can taste it. We'll be playing a pro-type offense; they'll be going with the "3-and-a-cloud-of-dust" offense. Sure hope we win. The Giants gave me the go ahead sign on this game.

My arm is still a little shaky from last year's injury but I think I'm working the kinks out O.K. Been hitting the weights three times a week and I've bulked up to 190 (stripped). Heaviest of my life. I'm really sold on this body building. It's the only route for a puny guy like me. At any rate "Giff" better look out because I'll be a horse by this summer. Ha!

May 18, 1959

WELL, the alumni beat Nagel's varsity 14-0. And yours truly had one of his better nights. Hit 12 of 18 for 185 yards and one touchdown. Even skirted end for 10 yards in the fourth quarter just to rub salt into an open wound. Got off a long one in the second quarter that netted 77 yards and the ball traveled about 50 in the air. Felt mighty nice, partner. Nagel is now a picture of humility. Ah, revenge is sweet.

Think I was throwing as well Friday night as I have in a long while. I had a couple other long ones called back and we fumbled away three more touchdowns. The score could have easily been 50-0. We rolled up close to 500 yards total offense to about 125 for the varsity. Nagel and his staff are really in hot water. The ghost of Jack Curtice has not left Ute stadium. We used strictly Curtice plays while Nagel stuck to his 3-and-a-cloud offense.

Enough on football. Guess you can tell that I'm pretty much up in the clouds over beating Nagel. Dad was up for the game and he was in seventh heaven. My old buddies Stuart Vaughan and Merrill Douglas had great nights. Vaughan hooked on to seven passes.

I kinda suspect the Giants will have me back in June to brush up on things.

Shortly after his triumph over Coach Nagel in the alumni game, Lee wound up his affairs at Utah for good. He finished his TV series, quit his newspaper job and gave up the apartment, moving in with Sue's parents while preparing to leave for the Coast. As he suspected, the Giants did want him back to "brush up" on things:

June 4, 1959

I'll be in New York July 20 for a brushing up. Then to All-Star camp. Can't wait to try out some of Otto's patterns. Been having lots of fun lately. A water ski show from Florida was in town yesterday sponsored by KSL-TV. So naturally I got into the act. Completed my first pass on water skis to the clown in the outfit. I was real pleased I didn't "choke" because I've only been on the water boards three or four times.

Thus, for the moment, end the Grosscup letters. Football has taken full control of Lee's creative energies; perhaps he will be heard from again after a season with the Giants.



HONEYMOONING GROSSCUPS went to Las Vegas, Nev., after their marriage, where Lee lost. Sue won. "I haven't heard the end of that one yet," he says happily.

19TH HOLE The readers take over

BASEBALL: LOOK AT THE DOUGHNUT

Sin:

After three months of punning the Cleveland Indians, the Chicago White Sox finally take over first place and are greeted by Les Woodcock's remark, "The White Sox played as if they might not fold this time around" (BASEBALL'S WEEK, July 27). Isn't it about time that this myth, so beloved by sportswriters, was retired in the interest of honesty and fair play?

A look at the records will show that the White Sox have been a consistent runner-up to the Yankees, and their inability to beat New York was a failing shared, until this year, by the balance of the clubs in the major leagues. In fact, the outstanding example of a team choking up against the Yankees was supplied by the National League champions in the 1958 World Series, who went into a coma when they almost had the Series won. Yet, oddly enough, these Braves are one of the more consistently praised teams in baseball.

The origin of the myth that the White Sox collapse when the pennant race gets hot is to be found in the "Go-Go" White Sox of some eight or 10 years ago. These teams, having little besides good leadership, speed and the willingness to give it a 100% try, would play over their heads until the inevitable would happen: other teams with more talent would grind them down. It is a sad commentary on our times that these teams should be remembered, not for playing over their heads for three-quarters of the season, but for failing to provide a miracle for 154 games. Perhaps some people might profit by that sorry saying, "Look at the doughnut and not the hole."

FRANK J. SNIDER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

BASEBALL: REJOICE, REJOICE

Sin:

Fortunately, we in Chicago are not such a bunch of crape-bangers as is Walter Bingham of your baseball staff. (*Exquisite Torture in Chicago*, SI, July 13). White Sox fans—like all fans—suffer when their team loses (and it has been frustrating, even in the three years I've been a fan), but they also rejoice when the team wins. And in case you haven't noticed, Sox fans have been rejoicing pretty often these days.

You imply that because attendance was down last year the fans were tired of seeing the Sox fall again and again to win a pennant. Well, maybe this was partly responsible. But what the fans here are really tired of, what made them stay away from the ball park last year, are the courtroom battles between Chuck Comiskey and his sister for control of Sox stock. The fans are flocking out in droves this year, not to see the elephants or

midgets, but because they know that Bill Veck is doing all he can to bring the Sox home in front, an ambition sorely neglected in the Comiskey era—and also because the Sox have made it obvious that they will settle for nothing less than a first-place finish this year.

True, the White Sox are not a power-laden club. But just as a likable but non-too-handsome man is admired by his friends for his winning personality, so do White Sox fans love their team just for what it is: the fastest team in the majors, a superb fielding team, a hustling team. And if Sox bats occasionally produce the much-overrated home run, why, that makes the team just that much more exciting.

You do Luis Aparicio a grave injustice when you say he speaks "faltering English." Luis studied English as a teenager in Venezuela and, while he naturally speaks with an accent, his knowledge and use of English are by no means faltering.

Nelson Fox, I am sure, will be sending you poison-pen letters for calling him "well-spoken and polite." After all, he does have a reputation to uphold.

Heaven help the team that is considered to have class just because of the presence of Earl Torgeson. Torgy is the worst regular first baseman in either league, with a batting average somewhere around .225 and a fielding average that closely approximates that mark.

I'm the best catcher in the league, Sherm Lollar, outstanding enough to rate a mention among the team's stars?

The only exquisite feelings Sox fans will experience at the end of this season will be the exquisite sweetness of the triumph that will flood the city of Chicago when the American League pennant is hoisted, for the first time in 40 years, on the flagpole of a jubilant Comiskey Park.

CECILE B. COMRAD

Chicago

BASEBALL: POLYPHONIC JOYS

Sin:

I have read, in English and Spanish, in American, Mexican, Cuban and Puerto Rican newspapers and magazines accounts of many different baseball games. But I can assure you that I have never read such a beautiful, ingenious, descriptive, constructive, detailed and humorous account of a ball game as Walter Bingham's *The Jays and Aguilas of Frank Larr* (SI, July 27).

ADALBERTO RENO L., M.D.
Tijuana, Mexico

RETURN OF THE NATIVES

Sin:

I am quite familiar with our Golden Gate Park, with its beauty, its many

continued

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But can you imagine the sound of an elephant's roar if athlete's foot did cause his toes to itch and burn? After all, the toe of a full-grown elephant may weigh as much as 23 lbs. Figuring 20 toes per elephant, that works out to 460 bellowing pounds—which is murder on anyone's ears.

However, you don't have to roar like an elephant if you have athlete's foot itch. We know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

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*Elephant lover
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18TH HOLE continued

attractions and its many activities. However, reading Horace Sutton's article (*Golden Gatewood*, SL, July 26) filled me with nostalgia for many of its beauties and activities which I have not recently observed or have become so used to seeing that I have observed them as a matter of course, giving little thought to the many years required to bring them to fruition, the 36 years of dedicated effort of its founding father, John McLaren, and the many others who have expended freely of their time and effort to bring us our magnificent Golden Gate Park.

HAROLD S. DOHER

San Francisco

Sir:

Although I have lived in San Francisco for all of my 17 years, I never realized how attached I was to Golden Gate Park. Out of a beautiful recreation area Mr. Sutton has painted a very vivid and moving picture.

TOM SCHIRAG

San Francisco

TENNIS: A RIGHTFUL PLACE

Sir:

Our congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on your two excellent stories on tennis, William F. Talbert's *The Kramer Cast Lacks a Plot* (SL, July 6) and the recent editorial *The Pretense of Privilege* (SL, July 20).

Tennis is to take its rightful place as a national sport, a new direction and business-like organization in the controlling body is essential. Open tennis is surely one good method of stimulating the game. But until we have a national office employing a staff of highly skilled, well-paid experts in the many, many aspects of promotion, public relations and organization, tennis cannot get off the ground. USLTA employs one executive secretary and seven secretaries in the New York office—all of its officers are honorary.

Many dedicated men and women have given years to promote the game, but their impact on tennis, their individual ability has been largely dissipated because tennis has no central organizing body whose sole business is tennis in all its facets. Tennis should not, and cannot, afford to depend on the good intentions of its honorary officers to run its affairs. One executive secretary, no matter how excellent, cannot possibly do the job which is required to bring tennis out of its infancy.

MRS. JOSEPH T. BARTA

Bronxville, N.Y.

A NOMINATION

Sir:

There is one member of your wonderful magazine who doesn't seem to get the recognition he deserves. I refer to the gentleman who does the lead cartoon in the EVENTS & DISCOVERIES section and who signs his name Peb. He is the most original and perceptive sports cartoonist I have ever seen, and I think that his "old man and the sea" cartoon in the July 27

issue should be a candidate for the Pulitzer Prize.

BRUCE LAGASSE

North Sacramento, Calif.

LETTER FROM A HOUSEWIFE

Sir:

This is a conglomerate letter. First, I am afraid that my marriage is in jeopardy unless I obtain two recipes that you printed some time ago! My husband saw them and has been hugging me for them ever since. Unfortunately, I forgot to save them. One is a rice recipe; the other contained avocado. (On their way.—ED.)

The track event at Franklin Field was a sight I shall never forget. Never having seen a sporting event of this significance, or even a track meet before, I was astounded. The sight of Russian and American flags flying side by side was, in itself, a great and provocative sight. It presented a whole new concept and idea to this American, who had thought only of the political aspects of the situation.

Inside the stadium all awareness of nationality and aims, of world tensions and political views disappeared as an ugly thought succumbed to a happy one. These were not just Americans competing against Russians. They were, most of all, men competing against one another. We sat there and wanted the crowd to applaud for the Russian who won as much as for the American who did not.

We waited with thousands of others underneath the stands, wishing the rain would stop and praying that Kuznetsov would make his record. We applauded his effort as sincerely as did the three Russians sitting next to us. Said the announcer, "You are the largest crowd that has ever waited for one event [the last death-race] in Franklin Field's history. It's a great tribute." And said a friend of ours who was helping to officiate, "Kuznetsov, although he doesn't speak English, is one of the nicest guys I've ever met."

NANCY LACCH-HILL

Paoli, Pa.

THE TRACK MEET

Sir:

Here are two comments on the U.S.A. vs. U.S.S.R. track meet in Philadelphia:

You might have noted in your caption on the photo showing Bob Soth being hoisted from the track that the fellow in the flowing white gown and Red Cross armband was one of the Russian doctors who rushed to the stricken U.S. runner's aid when it became apparent that Soth could not get up again and continue the race. Just one more instance of the good will that pervaded Franklin Field.

Kuznetsov may have lost his own "new" death-race record when, in the pole vault, he cleared to go to 13 feet 10, instead of 13 feet 8. On his second attempt at 13 feet 10, the mighty Russian grasped the bar with his chest as he descended and, all things being equal, would have been over had the bar been at 13 feet 8. He was credited with a 13-foot-8 clearance. The other two inches would have given him enough extra points to break his approved and the pending records.

GERALD G. KALLMAN

Jersey City

Sir:

If the three Russian women pictured (SI, July 27) were some of the "dolls" you were referring to who represented the U.S.S.R. in the track meet with the U.S., I should hate to see a Russian woman who is not a doll. Let's face it, they look just as Sports Illustrated said most Americans pictured their truck drivers, with long hair. Give them credit for being good athletes, but please don't call them dolls.

JIMMY WATERS

Greenville, N.C.

Sir:

American girls do not shun "the violent and often unbecoming effort implicit in track competition." They are very carefully taught by the physical education authorities of our public schools and our YWCAs that competitive sports are bad for the health of the growing girl.

This was a track competition between the U.S.S.R. and a few rebels against the U.S. education system. The selfishness is not with our youth, it is with our adults.

JANET BENTLEY

Westfield, N.J.

Sir:

What genius developed the scoring system that allows a contestant to score one point for finishing last?

ROY PALMER

Winston-Salem, N.C.

● Although each event was limited to two competitors from each team, the Russians insisted on the customary one point for fourth place.—ED.

MAJOR LEAGUERS IN THE RING

Sir:

As a charter subscriber, let me first congratulate you on a magnificent job of reporting on all sports. Your preview of the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. track meet was up to your usual high standard.

However, I must admit that I was somewhat shocked by your review of the upcoming bullfight series on TV (EVENING & DISCOVERY, July 27). Your statement that Carlos Arruza, Alfonso Ramirez and Juanito Silvetti were somewhat less than major league caliber appears to be a case of one of Sports Illustrated's major errors. I am not familiar with the latter three, but no less an authority than Barnaby Conrad rates Arruza the greatest all-round performer of all time—even a better all-round force than Manolete.

Ordoñez may now be great and Arruza may be over the hill, but he surely is of major league caliber. American writers certainly do not berate Stan Musial or Ted Williams as they near the end of their careers. Nor do they run them down in favor of Harmon Killebrew or even proven performers Aaron, Mays, Kusan, etc. Dominguez and Ordoñez deserve their laurels, but Arruza doesn't deserve his slap in the face.

JULIAN GANS

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

● Carlos Arruza, now partially retired and fighting mostly from horseback, was indeed one of the great performers in the bull ring; no slight was intended.—ED.

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"But what's that distant sound we hear from the lake in the dead of night? / And now we catch it, low but clear, like a thunderbolt in flight./ The rumble's growing louder, men, it's the old familiar roar. / The phantom hydro rides again, the ghost of Slo-Mo IV." These lines from Royal Brougham's column in Seattle's *Post-Intelligencer* may not be deathless but they lyrically convey the sentiment felt by Seattle for Master Designer Ted Jones's "backyard" boat with which in 1950 he revolutionized hy-

droplane design and wrested the Gold Cup from Detroit.

Slo-Mo tore apart and sank in 1956 but, thanks to the efforts of her old crew, *Slo-Mo* has been restored, and today occupies a rightful berth in Seattle's Museum of History and Industry. "I'm pretty cold and practical about boats, not like the public," says Jones, whose *Hawaii Kai* is the defending champion in this week's Gold Cup races, "but I must admit that *Slo-Mo IV* holds a special place with me—she was a dream come true."

A Westerner Looks at the Beaverville

In the heat of summer, a
visitor recalls his spiritual
pilgrimage to a great river

by RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

ONE comes to it as a pilgrim to a shrine, a sacred, shining place, made so by the deeds of the great and passing feet of many generations. And it is just that.

There is sense and no sense in picking Opening Day for the pilgrimage. The noble hills are brown except for scattered conifers; the hardwood trees are brown and leafless and last year's leaf fall is brown under them where it is not whitened by the passing snow flurries. The air is cold, the water is colder still and the trout lie quiet in the deep pools, when they are not down in the still deeper pools of the East Branch. It is an unlikely time for good trout fishing.

Yet it is the gathering time for pilgrims old and new, and the time of all times for a new pilgrim to learn the devotion that the little river inspires and to sense its traditions. For the Beaverville, with Neversink, Battenkill, Willowemoc and a few others, is surely the nursing water of American fly-fishing.

On Friday night, with the frost tight in the ground outside, the bar at Doug Bury's Antrim Lodge was crowded with fishermen greeting each other for the first time in six months or a year. It was too cold, they agreed, too early, and there were far too many people around. "Fishing tomorrow, Jim?" "Now. Just go out and look it over." "Fishing tomorrow, Frank?" "Drive up and down a bit, maybe, talk to a few guys. Might put up a rod." Never have so many fishermen driven so far to protest their intention of not fishing. Yet I knew just how they felt. Tomorrow was Opening Day. There would be

few lines that did not touch river water, however briefly, and those would mostly be spares.

Bill Naden of the Brooklyn Fly Fishers Club arrived in good time next morning, and he and Ed Zern showed me the river—downstream first, from the Junction Pool at the mouth of the Willowemoc clear to the East Branch of the Delaware. Many miles of beautiful water on a big, bold stream, nearly all of it readily accessible from the road. On Opening Day, little more than a hundred miles from Manhattan, I had supposed it would be crowded with fishermen. True, they crowded a few favored spots, lined both banks five or 10 feet apart at the Junction Pool and at a slab rock pool by a bridge; but there were miles of water where a man would have found no more competition than on any British Columbia stream within easy reach of a paved road. And fly-fishermen, may the Lord sharpen their hooks and guide their wrists, seemed as numerous as spinners.

SHADES OF THE PAST

We drove back, stopping now and then to watch and talk and uncork a bottle, and came to the upper stream above the Willowemoc junction. The shades and living spirits of the great were now with us, their names on our lips: Hewitt with 14-foot leaders, LaBranche with nine-foot or less—"That's why he doesn't catch any fish," said the shade of Hewitt, careless of fact. Sparse Grey Hackle, who will take many more fish from the river on 18 and 20 flies; gentle Jack Atherton who, unhappily, will not. And Theodore Gordon: "For at least a hundred years," he wrote over 50 years ago, "the Valley of the Beaverville has been celebrated for its beauty and the river for its trout."

Gordon could well write the same words today if he were living. Clear

continued



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THE BEAVERKILL continued

and cold and lovely, the upper stream sparkles down in cascades and runs and trout-loved pools from its spring-fed source in Balsam Lake. We saw fishermen lined again close by Ogden Pleissner's covered bridge. We saw miles of posted water broken by shorter stretches of free water. I thought of Gordon again: "I fear that in a few years very little water will be free to the public . . . for real sport, give us free water, where the trout are critical, hard to please and highly valued when caught." Gordon believed that to take large fish when they were shy was the acme of sport.

FISHLESS BUT FAITHFUL

We wet our lines in the posted waters, working down the Brooklyn Club's Home Pool, through Twin Rocks and on to the lip of the dam, where we swung big streamers back and forth in the foaming overflow, while a brief blizzard hid even the nearest bank from sight. We turned back fishless to the big fire in the clubhouse, but tradition had been served and well served, and we were happy as men can be.

Western eyes and a western heart could not ask for more than this. It has all been going on for a very long time. The fathers of the sons and the grandfathers of the grandsons fished here on earlier opening days, grew up with the clubs or on the free water. Halford and Skues and Pulman, Walton and Cotton and Berners made spiritual pilgrimage across the ocean to the Beaverkill. Gordon, Hewitt, LaBranche, Atherton, the Darbees, the Dettos and many others caught the spirit, interpreted it anew, sent it out across the vast continent. Today it reaches the many millions who seek respite and reward in the fly streams from Atlantic to Pacific, from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean.

I would go again to the Beaverkill when the rhododendrons have opened their buds on the slope above the Home Pool, when the trees are in full leaf and the air hums with warmth and life and the river is low. I would hope for a hatch and a few great trout rising steadily here and there, "critical and hard to please." But if there were none, it could scarcely matter. The river would be there and its banks—and all about me the shades of great fly-fishers. They would know I searched faithfully, and in an honorable tradition. **END**



Mark Twain holds forth at Klapproth's Tavern

Wit flashed when Mark Twain spoke and his favorite Kentucky bourbon, Old Crow, flowed during convivial evenings at the famed Elmira, N.Y. tavern. According to an intimate biography, the beloved humorist once ordered 25 barrels of Old Crow to assure his supply at Klapproth's.



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